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NATIONAL TALES.

——————'Tis sweet to meditate
On youthful scenes, and, on a wintry day
To draw around the cheering fire, and hear
The mournful story of past days.

Anon.

A fairy fable art thou—a romance,
Yet brilliant with the jewelry of truth.

Palmyra, a poem.

VOL. II.

NEW-YORK:

PUBLISHED BY A. P. HOUSTON, WILLIAM-ST.; THOMAS DESILVER, MARKET-ST., PHILADELPHIA; AND S. SOUTHWICK, JR., STATE-ST., ALBANY.

1825.

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Southern District of New-York, ss.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the twenty-second day of November, A. D. 1825, in the fiftieth year of the Independence of the United States of America, A. P. HOUSTON, of the said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

"National Tales.

——————'Tis sweet to meditate
On youthful scenes, and, on a wintry day
To draw around the cheering fire, and hear
The mournful story of past days.

Anon.

A fairy fable art thou—a romance,
Yet brilliant with the jewelry of truth.

Palmyra, a poem.

VOL. II."

IN CONFORMITY to the act of Congress of the United States, entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the time therein mentioned;" and also to an act, entitled, "An act supplementary to an act, entitled, an act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

JAMES DILL,
Clerk of the Southern District of New-York.

C. S. VAN WINKLE, Printer.

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PREFACE.

THE high encomiums, by the different journals, on the first volume of "National Tales," and the frequent calls for a continuation of the work, having shown that it is considered worthy of patronage, a second volume is now offered to the public.

In the present volume, there are three original tales, and one translation, by Americans, and for which premiums have been awarded. The first, entitled "Hoosac Mountain," is the production of a gentleman in Massachusetts. It is one of a series, which the writer has some intention of publishing in a separate volume, under the general title of "Reminiscences at Sixty," if he can overcome an objection which he has to be known as an author. "The Fortune Teller," is extracted from an unpublished novel, in 2 vols., entitled, "Upton, or a Soldier's Memoirs," by a gentleman of Philadelphia. "The Falls of St. Anthony," is from the pen of a young gentleman of New-York; and "The Statue of Venus," from the French of Florian, is translated by a gentleman of Maine.

Desirous of making this work a depository for native talent, the editor continues to give fifty copies of either of the volumes, for every approved original tale, and half that number of copies for every approved translation. As it is intended that the third volume shall appear in February next, competitors for the premiums are requested to transmit their MSS. to the subscriber, 42 William-street, New-York, as soon as possible, in order to insure an early insertion.

GEO. HOUSTON.

New-York, November, 1825.

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HOOSAC MOUNTAIN.

(*Original.*)

The restless, adventurous, and enterprising spirit of New-England has been so often remarked, that it has grown proverbial. The Scotland of America, it annually sends forth a band of adventurers, in the shape of lawyers, doctors, schoolmasters, and ministers, some deeply in debt for their education; others barely even with the world; but all of them with heads full of schemes for getting money, and rising in the stations they are destined to fill. It is a curious fact, that the rich valley of the Connecticut furnishes comparatively nothing to this horde of literary recruits. It is in the rough bosoms of her mountains that we must look for New-England talent and enterprise. One little town in the western part of Connecticut, I am informed, has produced seven governors. But this enterprising spirit is not confined to young men who have their fortunes to make; it often seizes fathers of families, men grown gray on the spot where they first drew their breath, and whose

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children, rising to man and womanhood, would seem to warrant a relaxation of paternal care.

In introducing Captain Rudd to the acquaintance of my readers, I must premise that the above remarks, with the exception of the last, do not apply to him. He was not, as far as I can learn, particularly distinguished for talents of any kind; he had a reputation among his neighbours for tolerable good common sense. Some of the more knowing ones thought him a little schemey, and every one knew he was remiss; but Captain Rudd was a good man, always willing to lend and borrow, and intended to be the best husband in the world, though his wife was frequently at her wits' end for wood to burn, while he was advising his neighbours on the management of their concerns. His father, the clergyman of the parish, had left him, the only child, the mansion house and farm. It was in excellent order when it fell into his hands, well stocked, and with a profusion of the finest fruit. He and his wife lived on from year to year, and brought up their children with no uncommon share of vexation or comfort. They were both rather passed the meridian of age, when he, one evening, unfolded to his astonished wife his latest plan for bettering his condition, and improving his fortune. This was no other than to buy a tract of land on the very top of Hoosac mountain, build a new house, and keep a great tavern.

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"And who are we to keep tavern for?" said his wife dryly. "Keep tavern for," replied the Captain with some heat, "an't they going to lay out a great road, a turnpike, from Boston to Albany, and won't that be the best stand on the whole route? I ask you that, Mrs. Rudd." "Why, if the road is ever made, and any body ever travels on it, I dare say they will be willing to stop by the time they get to the top of the mountain." "But I tell you it will be made," said the Captain; "the travel will all go that way." "Who told you so?" asked the lady, in rather a provoking tone; "somebody that had land to sell, and knew you was always ready to buy." This was rather a home thrust. Mrs. Rudd kept quietly knitting; the Captain drummed with the tongs, put up the fire, but was evidently making up his mind to something. At last he returned to the charge: "You may sneer as you will, madam, at my being always ready to buy, but no man in his senses would refuse such an offer as this." He proceeded to dilate, at length, on the advantages of the situation; the land itself, after the road was made, would sell for four times its present value; and he grew so warm and sanguine on the subject, that it slipped out unawares, that he had actually agreed for the land, and that the writings were to be drawn up the next day. His wife put up her hands in breathless astonishment; his daughters stared in silence:

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"You certainly are determined to bring us to poverty; I beg of you, husband, to stop while it is in your power," said his wife, in perfect agony. "O father, have nothing to do with it," added his daughters, in a supplicating tone.

The Captain was by no means prepared for such opposition in his family, and he was not wholly unmoved by it; for although he had a good share of English conceit, Scotch obstinacy, and Irish excitability, (as he used to boast in the pride of his heart, he had the blood of all those nations in his veins,) and, of course, carried it with rather a high hand in his family; yet his wife, he knew, though she meant to be dutiful as a wife should be, was of a spirit not easily reduced to silence or submission. She had, moreover, brought him some property at their marriage, and this gave her voice some weight in family consultations. She was far more genteel in person and habits than her husband, and by her good management, imparted an air of respectability to all of the establishment that was under her control; her children were neatly dressed, and kept constantly at school; her house was in perfect order; and every article from her dairy was sure to bring a better price than her neighbours'. They had married early in life, with the love of eighteen and twenty, and, as years rolled on, the feelings which fancy and passion had gendered in their young hearts, were in her well regulated one, mel-

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lowed into the warmest affection and tenderness. Superior to her lord and master in every point, she uniformly treated him with respect; listened to his long and tiresome stories, apparently with pleased attention; was always the first to laugh at his wit, when it was evident he expected every body to laugh at it; and lent herself so completely to cover his defects, that half his neighbours forgot that he had any. Yet, though affection in a great measure prompted to this conduct, pride had its full share of influence. Both together, would, in company, keep her brow smooth, and dress her face in smiles; but it must be owned that madam's fretted spirit would sometimes at home, and while alone, indemnify itself for sacrifices and restraints. Yet, even here, if she found that the unwonted license of her tongue had broken the restraint of her daughters, and they too fell upon their father in support of their mother, she would instantly draw off from the contest, with "have it your own way, Mr. Rudd; we'll say no more about it;" and as the Captain kept muttering and grumbling, "I've just said, do exactly as you please; but do pray stop talking, girls; I would treat my father with some respect." "What's the use of getting into such an articlap?" the Captain would say, "when you always end by telling me to do just as I please?" faith, I could do that without your saying so."

These breezes, like the variable gales of our

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climate, blew over with no apparent good or bad effects. Half an hour after one of the smartest of them, the worthy Captain and his lady might be seen, side by side, in the great clumsy square chaise that had carried his father, the minister, before him; she a little gloomy and sullen, perhaps; but he looking this way and that, and telling his wife what he would do with such a piece of land, if he owned it. If, while in such a mood, she suppressed the pithy advice, of "take care of what you've got," it was surely all that could be expected of any mortal. But the bargain for land on the Hoosac was more warmly opposed, and with more bitterness of spirit, than her daughters had ever before seen their mother manifest. The Captain, it seems, kept perfectly cool; he had made up his mind, and was determined to go on, let what would happen. He listened alternately to the tears, entreaties, and reproaches of his wife and daughters, with the most perfect indifference; occasionally saying, "well, talk if you will; if it does you any good, do keep at it;" and what was more provoking than all the rest, telling his wife, in reply to some pretty intelligible hints respecting his domestic management, what a good landlady she would make.

This storm, however, soon spent its fury, and subsided into a sullen calm. The passions of Mrs. Rudd had been too highly wrought to support her

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long; she dropped the subject in perfect hopelessness, and leaning back in her chair, rested her eyes on the ceiling, without speaking a word. Her daughters covered their faces and wept, while the Captain shoved off to bed, with, "thank God, the articlap's over." This was his uniform exclamation, when his wife, retreating in despair from convincing his stupidity, and combating his prejudices, would mentally vow she would never again attempt to do either.

For a long time the mother and daughters sat buried in painful rumination, each one having her own secret thoughts. The wife's cheeks glowed with wounded pride, when she reflected that her husband would, in the eyes of her neighbours, be deemed duped, cheated, over-reached; the mother's heart throbbed with anxiety and solicitude, as she thought of its ultimate consequences—perhaps ruin, beggary, to herself and children. The eldest daughter sighed, and her lip quivered, at the thought of leaving that beloved and sacred spot, where the form of one who had once given to her life its hope, and to hope its charm, lay mouldering in the dust; and over whose grave she had often felt, that the hour when her spirit should spring to meet his, and leave her form to be laid by his side, would be the happiest hour she could ever know. The frame of the youngest, too, shook with suppressed emotions; for there was one who was the

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stolen, secret sigh of her soul; one whom her father had forbid his house in a moment of passion, and ever since, as she thought, adhered to the command through obstinacy. How was she to know, when far away, if she still retained a place in his bosom? or if some lovelier form, and fairer face, might not rob her of a heart she felt it would be misery and death to lose? Six months before, and her girlish simplicity had been hardly conscious of the germ of this engrossing passion:—

> But love once kindled in young hearts,
> A potent breath soon blows to flame,
> That burns despite the fitful starts
> Of prudence, duty, pride, and shame.

Her father's violence and passion were unheeded; but bitterly did she feel her mother's mild remonstrances, her warning admonitions not to trust her happiness, her all of life, on one whom she feared was profligate and unprincipled. She would calm her mother's mind, promise obedience to her wishes, and fly to meet her lover and tell him they must part. But duty, prudence, promises, would all vanish before one warm sigh of tenderness—one dissolving breath of passion. He would talk of his wrongs, his injuries; vindicate his character from every aspersion; flatter, caress, and soothe, alternately brightening with hope, and saddening with despair, till once, in a delirium of love and tenderness, on a broken ring, she pledg-

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ed her faith to be his and only his; and, if driven to the necessity, to forsake parents, home, and all, for his sake. From that time their stolen interviews were frequent, yet managed so as to prevent detection; and if there were moments when a fancied shade of gloom or caprice in him she loved, sent her blood with the chill of death to her young heart, still one little endearing action, one word of love and tenderness, would again make that heart spring and bound with the sweetest anticipations of love and youth.

Plunged in bitter reverie, she sat long after her mother and sister had roused from theirs, and with more calmness were talking over their future prospects. "Susan, my love," at last said her mother. She raised her head, and fixed her eyes upon her with such a sad, imploring gaze, that her mother, startled and alarmed, sprung to her; "for God's sake, my dearest child, what ails you?" "O, nothing; I suppose you will never let me marry him!" and gasping, struggling, and catching at her throat, she fell into strong hysterics. A ray of light now reached her mother's mind, but only to show her that all before her was darkness. A few moments before, and she thought that to be compelled by the wild schemes of her husband to quit her pleasant, comfortable home, and encounter all the inconveniences and even dangers of a residence on a wild mountain, was misery great as she could

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know; but now, what was that to the anguish of knowing her darling child was miserable, and of witnessing, in the strong convulsions of her frame, the depth and bitterness of that misery. Fits succeeded each other in defiance of the usual remedies, though there were moments when she seemed a little calmed by her mother's soothing assurances that she would do all she could for her.

In one of these intervals, she had just opened her mouth to speak, as they thought, of her wishes and feelings, when the Captain, who had long been calling to know what was the matter, now made himself heard in good earnest: "What's the matter there, I say; can't you hear me?" "Susan is in fits." "Fits—what fits?" "Hysterics." "I suppose so; well, pour a bucket of cold water on her, she'll come to, I'll warrant her," and swinging the bed-clothes over his shoulders, he composed himself quietly to rest; for, like a great many of the lords of creation who are born without nerves, he had a sovereign contempt for hysterics. But though she gradually became calm, the moment was gone for Susan to speak. They conveyed her to bed, where, mute and exhausted, she laid her head on her pillow, and soon sank into a deep sleep. Next morning, the light of heaven broke on that dwelling only to show the mother's face gloomy with apprehension; one sister saddened with sorrow for the sufferings of the other; that

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other, timid, averted, half blushing with a consciousness of something she ought to disclose, yet mingled with a dread of having the preceding night said something she would wish unsaid. But no allusion was made to what had passed; her friends feared to do it lest it should cause a recurrence of her fit, and she shrunk from it with a feeling she in vain tried to conquer.

Refinement of feeling, or sensitive delicacy, could never exist in the same atmosphere with the Captain. He returned to dinner, after being absent all the morning; and the languid spirits that had sunk into the repose of melancholy, were now roused and fretted into tumult. He gave his wife a hearty slap on the shoulder, with, "What have you got for dinner, landlady?" then turning to a man of rather gentlemanlike appearance, who had followed him into the room, "this is Mrs. Rudd, sir; think there'll be such another likely landlady on the whole route?" The stranger made his bow in a polite, respectful manner, evidently wishing to conciliate the favour of the lady, and withdraw her attention from the coarseness of her husband. This was undoubtedly good policy, for land speculators have frequently found the shrewdness and decision of the wife no small obstacle to the success of their designs on the husband. Mrs. Rudd took her place at table with a heavy heart, and listened with breathless anxiety to gather, if

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possible, from the conversation, what were her husband's plans and prospects. She soon perceived that his careless, headlong habits, made him a very unequal match for one who seemed circumspect and wary, and who was evidently versed in the whole routine of business. His conversation was plausible, his air and manner frank and open; and what was calculated to dupe her husband more than all the rest, he professed and seemed to feel as great a regard for his interest as for his own.

Addressing herself at last to the stranger, Mrs. Rudd inquired if it was really contemplated to open a road over Hoosac mountain? "So it is reported, madam." "There," said the Captain, exultingly, "will you believe it now? My wife, sir, never believes any thing I tell her, till she hears it from somebody else." But the lady persisted in applying directly to the stranger for information. "My husband has informed me it was so reported; do you, sir, believe it yourself?" "I should presume, madam, your husband would report nothing but upon good authority. I do not know, indeed, that a committee has been actually appointed, but there can be no doubt of the eligibility of the plan; no doubt it will be ultimately accomplished." The sanguine Captain instantly saw the road directly over the mountain, covered with horses, baggage-wagons, and coaches full of gentry

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on their way to the springs, all hastening on to his house, to admire his accommodations, laugh at his wit, and pour their money into his treasury. But if the speculator could blind the husband, it was no such easy matter to shut the eyes of the wife; she saw nothing but ruin and disappointment in the whole scheme; and, when dinner was over, retired from the room to weep over her husband's infatuation and folly. From time to time she heard enough to convince her, that the negotiation was going on, yet a gleam of hope remained, till the Captain, opening the door, called to his daughter for a "stiff mug of sling to clinch the bargain." Mrs. Rudd now paced the room almost distracted; then stopped at the door, thinking she certainly would go in and make one effort to convince him of his folly—then as quickly retreated, with a consciousness that he might perhaps insult her, and would certainly expose himself.

When the Captain and his guest had drank the liquor, and finally settled the terms of their bargain, he sent for his wife into the room, and with careless self-complacence, wished her joy of her new honours. "The landlady of such a tavern, as he should set up on Hoosac, would be known far and near." Wishing to stop his career of nonsense, she coldly replied, that she had no ambition to be known so far. "Hah—want to reign captain general at home, do you? well, then, you'll be the

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greatest lady on Hoosac; that you may be sure of,
for you'll be," he added, winking with one eye,
"the only one there." This he thought a master
stroke of wit, and laughed loud and long at it
while his wife, spite of her self-possession, wa
ready to cry with vexation. But his unfeeling sa
casm and boisterous wit had effectually roused h
spirit, and to use an expression of the Captain
'stirred up every particle of old Adam within he
She sat, therefore, in perfect silence, and bea
bonds and agreements read over, so incumber
with 'saids' and 'aforesaids,' that it was about
intelligible to her as Greek and Latin, till wear
out of all patience, she inquired if her prese
was necessary? "No farther necessary, mad
than for your own information before signing
you understand the tenor of our bargain suffic
ly for your own satisfaction, be so good as t
your name to this deed, and we can then dis
with your presence." "A deed of the fa
which we live, I suppose." "No, no—wh
nifies talking," said the Captain; "set your
down, and say no more about it." "Why,
it, then? I insist on knowing." "But
think it's going to take all I've got to buy H
if you must know, it's the little place you
left you." The deed dropped from Mrs.
hand—"I never will give up that place;
on Hoosac, or where you will, but expe

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pay for it with my property," said she, with more determination than he had ever seen.

The land speculator seemed confounded; but the Captain was absolutely thunderstruck, and stood gazing after his wife as she left the room, without the power of speaking one word. "What's the meaning of all this?" was his first exclamation, on recovering the use of his faculties. "You know best," returned the other; "I thought it injudicious to exasperate your wife's feelings in the manner you did on her entrance into the room; had you not better follow her—soothe her, tender her some little apology; women are easily pacified; you may induce her to comply with your wishes." "She'll consent without all that trouble," replied the Captain, now completely come to himself; "she'll stand it out as long as any woman, but always ends by telling me to do just as I please." "I think you will find yourself mistaken, and if she persists in her refusal, I see no other way but to give me a mortgage on your farm; it will, in reality, make very little difference with you, whether the security is on this property or that?". "Why, as to the matter of that, I shall take money enough in two or three years in my tavern to clear off all my debts; but I hate to see a woman so wilful; it's setting a bad example;" and out he went, calling at every breath for the landlady, whom he must see, and bring to her senses.

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But the landlady, as he called her, so far from making her appearance, locked her door, saying, she would neither sign away her own property, nor set her name to any conveyance of his. "The devil you won't; why, what's got into the woman?" "You have provoked me to death, by your impertinence before a stranger; and if you will ruin yourself by your foolish bargains, I, for one, will have nothing to do with it." "If I am ruined, you can't help having something to do with it; and I tell you, you shall come out and sign the deed. After being master in my own house all my life, at this time of day to get the name of a cursed, henpecked lubber—I swear, I'll pry the door off its hinges," shaking it with all his force, till the frail fastening suddenly gave way, and the outrageous Captain, in all his zeal for lawful rule, and right supremacy, lost his balance, and fell headlong into the room. His wife darted from it as he fell; he caught at her gown to detain her, but she eluded his grasp, and fled, he knew not whither, as he shuffled back, completely foiled, to the apartment he had quitted.

The Captain was conscious that he must, in the eyes of his guest, appear shorn of the honours he knew of right belonged to him; and rather inclining to make a virtue of necessity, he dismissed the subject with the simple remark, that he believed it was as well to let her have her own way. His

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guest, too polite to enlarge on what had passed, and, perhaps, internally approving her resolution, now called his attention to the mortgage. It was finally deemed a tolerably fair set off, that the Captain should give a deed of his whole farm, and receive in return, a life lease. The speculator now went to try his rhetoric on Mrs. Rudd, and induce her to put her name on the back of the deed. His respectful and winning manner, so unlike her husband's, his smooth tongue, and plausible arguments, so far wrought upon her, that she consented to put her name to the deed of her husband's property, but resolutely persisted in her refusal to sign away her own. This was all he wished, he said; no one could blame her for exercising her own judgment in what so materially concerned her. Dreading that the Captain's interference would spoil all, he stepped back for the deed, and in one moment returning with pen and ink, he showed her where to place her name, and she signed, ignorant of the right she relinquished, and considering it a mere matter of form. The life lease was the next subject of consideration; and, as our gentleman was in the habit of drawing all his papers himself, he soon produced one in legal form; and Mrs. Rudd, condescending to make her appearance, it was read aloud, with an inquiry, if it met their approbation; if they were perfectly satisfied with it? Mrs. Rudd said, "yes," with

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tears in her eyes. It was so much better than she had dared to hope, that the spot she loved so well, should be secured to them for life, that she wholly overlooked the real sacrifice of property, and the very inadequate value of the land they received for it.

The Captain, as he knew more of business, could not but own to himself, that should his tavern plan fail, and leave him nothing but the trees and ground of Hoosac, his children would be little better than beggars; but he and his wife would be well enough off during their life time; and while she mentally consigned them to the protection of heaven, he consoled himself with the idea that his daughters would probably get married, and his sons scrabble through the world, as thousands had done before. But with all his boasted sagacity, he wholly overlooked the omission of his wife's name in the lease; she too, thought nothing of it, presuming, of course, that what was secured to her husband, was to her.

To do the Captain justice, with all his coarseness, and apparent want of feeling, he would have started at the thought of leaving his wife a destitute widow, in advancing age. But they had fallen into precisely such hands as many an honest couple have since, to their cost; one who was skilled in keeping out of sight what he wished should not enter the mind, and who was fully awake to the

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disadvantage of a property, shackled with a widow's right of dower. Gifted with a tongue that could talk a common, honest farmer out of his senses, in twenty minutes, and incumbered with very little feeling or principle, where his interest was concerned, he grew rich on the ruins of others, and literally rolled in wealth, while some of his victims were destitute of a place to lay their heads.

From this time forward, Mrs. Rudd submitted, with tolerable grace, to necessity; and as the Captain was impatient to get to Hoosac, and commence building his new house, she hastened her preparations, consoling herself with the thought, that whenever they pleased, they could return. It is certainly one of the most prominent weaknesses of human nature, that we are all so ready to believe what we wish should be true; and another trait, not very much to its credit, is a strong propensity to turn this same weakness, when observed in others, to our own account. It was now so much for the Captain's interest that the great road, the ultimatum of his wishes, should run over Hoosac, that the most short sighted of his neighbours soon found, that to join in his sanguine anticipations was a certain prelude to the accomplishment of any point they wished to carry. In this way, a jockey most unmercifully overreached him, in selling him a pair of horses, that, he said,

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he had refused a great offer for, but had reserved them, knowing the Captain would want exactly such a pair; that, ever since he had heard of his great bargain for Hoosac, he had accustomed them to go, with heavy loads, up and down steep pitches, and that they were steady as a mill—just the thing for him. The poor Captain, out of mere gratitude, at hearing his bargain so praised, could do no less than praise the horses in return, till the jockey was emboldened to ask a most unreasonable price, and, in fact, sold them to him for almost twice their real value.

It was now drawing towards the close of April; and the first of May was the day set for the commencement of their journey. All was bustle and preparation, and, if possible, more confusion than generally pervades an establishment on the point of breaking up; for the Captain, in his wisdom, had decreed, that the family should be divided: his wife, Mary, and a hired girl, should go to Hoosac; Susan should stay where she was, and they might divide the children, as they would, between them. Poor Susan, with brightening eyes, and beating heart, warmly seconded the plan. She would do all she could to keep the house in order, and make her father comfortable, when he came; he would, of course, be back and forward all summer. But her eye fell before her mother's severe and steadfast gaze, as she said, in an impressive

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tone—"Will you keep yourself, Susan?" and turning to her husband, observed, "make your calculations as you will, but if Susan stays here, I stay too." The Captain seemed rather struck with her manner; perhaps some reminiscences of things gone by, rose in his mind, as he dismissed the subject, with saying, "We'll talk it over another time." It was afterwards determined that Mary should remain at home, and take charge of the younger children, and that Susan, with Rebekah, fourteen years of age, and the hired girl, should accompany Mrs. Rudd to Hoosac.

The last evening they were to remain at home, the family, with saddened hearts, drew round the domestic fire-side. One neighbour after another dropped in, to offer their services in packing their goods, and to bid farewell to friends they might see no more. Mrs. Rudd thanked them for their kindness, and informed them that their services were unnecessary; but her tears flowed fast and free, as one, at parting, pressed her hand, and bid her "God speed;" as another, after bidding her farewell, dropped her head on her bosom, and said, in a suppressed tone: "God protect you, and keep you on the way." Even the rough Captain dashed the unwonted tear from his eye, as an old and valued friend shook him by the hand, and said, "Captain, I wish you well, but fear you are going from *home*."

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Susan now stole out of the house, telling her sister, she was going to bid farewell to some of her young companions. But Mary was not so deceived. Throwing her mantle round her, she followed, keeping her in sight, yet concealing her own figure from observation, by lingering in the deep shadows of buildings, or trees, till she saw her strike into a little footpath, that, winding down a hill, terminated at the ruins of an old distillery. "O God," groaned Mary, as she heard the fleet footsteps of Susan bound down the hill, "this is the nightly haunt—this the dear indulgence, for which she would willingly forsake us all." Quick as her trembling limbs would carry her, she flew down the path, and, through an opening in the side, in the full glare of moonlight, saw Susan, as she reached the ruins, fly into the extended arms of Edward Maltby. Still as she descended and caught glimpses of their attitudes, in agony, she marked his fond, caressing manner, and as she drew still nearer, and heard his deep and thrilling tones of tenderness and passion, and thought on those dreadful convulsions that showed the strength of Susan's love, she mentally gave her up for lost. "Poor, unhappy girl, we weep now for thy misery; God knows how soon we may blush for thy infamy." Her first impulse was to fly to the wretched girl, and snatch her, as she thought, from the arms of her seducer—yet, a moment

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after—"why should I doubt her innocence? she clings to his arm as she stands by his side, with love enough, I know; yet, surely with an air of innocence and confidence, that she could not feel, were she the guilty thing I feared her." These were Mary's thoughts, as closely concealing herself behind an angle of the building, she listened, in almost breathless silence, to their conversation.

The first sound that struck upon her ear was a kind of half oath, half exclamation, indicative of chagrin, disappointment, and vexation. "She surely has some mind of her own," thought Mary, "or why that sound?" "Susan, you are not in earnest? you trifle with my feelings." "I do not," returned she; "it is most true, that I am to go with them to morrow. I told you, last night, my mother objected to my remaining here; but I thought nothing of it, as my father, if opposed, will certainly have his own way; but this morning it was concluded I should go, and Mary stay."—"Then you are in earnest; you are not trifling with me. By heaven, if I thought you was"—"Why should you think it, Edward? by this time to-morrow night I shall be far away; you will then believe it true." "I know not why I think so, you have often done it, and I have borne it, but I could not now; for twenty-four hours past my soul has been in tumult, Susan. Last night, when I would have flown to the society of a band of

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robbers, from my own tormenting thoughts, I paced this ground for hours, with no resource from myself, but to listen, and watch for you. You came at last, and in the five minutes you staid, recompensed me for hours of self communion. That you was to stay—that you was to be near me, though it could not remove, it lightened the load that oppressed me; it opened one little bright spot, on which my mind could rest, if all beside was darkness."

"You terrify and distress me to death by such language," said Susan, grasping his arm, and detaining him, as he paced, in a hurried manner, the ground before the building. "This is not the first time I have heard it; tell me, for heaven's sake, what you mean by it. I cannot shut my eyes to the truth; that there is a mystery about you, you will not explain, even to me, whom you pretend to love so well. You came here, last spring, for your health, and, from your appearance then, no one doubted it; since then, I have found a reason, in my own heart, for your remaining here, and should never have dreamed there was another, had I not, from time to time, heard such language as this." "Go with me now to S——; we can be married there, you know—I once made such arrangements—return my wife, and you shall know all." "I have all day," she continued, "dreaded the thought of telling you we must part; for I foresaw

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this same request would follow; but," she added, with more energy and determination, than he had ever before seen, "had I not, this day, made a solemn vow to God, and, on my bended knees, prayed for strength to keep it, that I would not comply with such request—your language, your manner, this darkness of soul you speak of, now terrify me so, that I would not dare, were my parents now to give their free consent to our union; I could not, without your full and unreserved confidence. Tell me, then, if this unseen trouble is caused by misfortune, by imprudence, by vice; but oh! in mercy, tell me not of crime."

She looked in her lover's face for an answer, who, all this time, stood with folded arms, regarding her with mute and fixed attention, yet, apparently, incapable of speaking one word. His silence, so fixed and stern, at last, alarmed her:—"Speak to me, dearest Edward, but one word, one little word; let me hear the sound of your voice; are you so deeply offended by my refusal? think, I am bound by a vow to God."—"And I would not have you break it," said he, in a low tone; "God forbid," he added, recovering himself, "I should seek to weaken the restraints of religion in your bosom. Sit down by me, Susan," said he, apparently nerving himself to a disclosure of something; "I am aware," he continued, "I hazard all by this confidence. I can make no calculation on

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the strength or durability of affection in the bosom of a girl." "You cannot calculate it; stop not to think of it," said she, eagerly. "But will it survive the knowledge, that its object has been, alternately, the votary and victim of almost every vice and passion; the foremost in riot, the last to quit the midnight carouse, the dupe of gamesters, the prodigal son of the best of fathers?" "But if you have been all this, you surely are not now." "I know not; I have so often promised, and vowed reformation; have so often abjured every vice of which I have been the slave; yet, over and over again, on the recurrence of the slightest temptation, I have plunged headlong into its vortex; I have lost all confidence in myself; I cannot, in honour and honesty, say, that I think I could stand the trial. Say what they will of education and habit, there is something, too, in constitution. Reckless and daring in my boyhood, wild and licentious in my youth, as I have been—I was managed with the utmost care, and reared by the best of mothers, as she hoped, in the love and practice of every virtue.

"I know not why it is, but I experience a strange kind of pleasure in unbosoming myself to you; perhaps it is because I have long felt you should be undeceived; that you should know the one on whom you have lavished your tenderness. I have told you, and did not deceive you, that my

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family were highly respectable; they have always resided in the vicinity of New-York. Both my parents watched over my morals and education with the strictest care; yet I was twice suspended in my second and third year at college, and at the commencement of my fourth, expelled. I was severely censured; my ruin generally predicted; but I knew I could retrieve my character, and resolutely set about it. Six months, I chained myself to my books in the office of one of the first lawyers in the state, and this application might have grown into a confirmed habit, had not fate, or fortune, or something worse, thrown two of my old classmates in my way, who were almost as bad as myself. Your ignorance of the world, dearest Susan, your simplicity, your innocence, all forbid my dwelling on the career of madness and folly on which I now entered. It is sufficient to say, that since that time, I have led a restless, wandering life. My allowance from my father was ample, yet, by my imprudence, I was always distressed for money. Such has been my wild, my maniac extravagance, that though I have ranged the country from Montreal to New-Orleans, I have left debt and disgrace in almost every place. I have drawn on my father's purse, till his patience is completely exhausted; and now I dare not apply to him. I am a voluntary alien, an exile from home; and I supposed my residence, my existence, unknown to

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my friends, till two days since I received a letter from my sister, that harrowed my very soul. She informed me, that in consequence of the trouble I had caused them, they were in the greatest misery; my mother's health was evidently wasting from her excessive anxiety to know my fate; that they had with the utmost difficulty traced me to my present hiding place; and that what kept me stationary here so long, they learned, with grief and regret, was a weak and foolish passion for an unprincipled girl. Start not, my love; my sister knew not your innocence and worth, and I am confident they have never been aspersed; she judged of you by what she knew of me in former days; she had so often known my passions blown into a transient flame by the allurements of art, and, shrink not from me, Susan, by the blandishments of vice. She knows not I have a heart that can, and does, rest on one in tenderness and love. When I came here, last spring, I had just received a considerable remittance from my father, and although I have not been thought to practice much economy, I have expended less in this year, than in any one previous month of my life. My health was suffering from my excesses; my spirits, worn out and tired by dissipation, called for rest, repose, and quiet. I had been here three months, and my heart and feelings had been gradually assuming a better tone, when you, dearest Susan, crossed my path; if for good or

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evil, time yet must determine. Your beauty, I know it was, that first attracted my attention; but it was your gentleness, your simplicity, your artlessness of soul, added to the dear and flattering consciousness that you loved me, a wretched, isolated wanderer, for myself, that bound me to you by ties so strong that they never can be broken. My love for you has reconciled me to the dullness and obscurity of this place; but when you are gone, I feel it will be insupportable. Where I shall then go, or what I shall then be, heaven only knows."

"Go where you ought, and be what you ought," said Susan: "O Edward," she added, bursting into tears, "your father will not shut his doors on you; he will gladly receive you; you will carry joy and peace to the bosom of your suffering mother; promise me you will go directly home, and you will lighten my heart of a dreadful apprehension; you will bind me to you for life." "Would you have me go there to feel degraded from the level on which I once stood, to encounter the cold sarcasm or suppressed sneers of former acquaintance?" "I would not wish your addition of misery," returned she, "but I cannot see peace and safety in any other way; every other, for you, is beset with danger. You have often told me how high you prized my love; show your value for it by complying with my request. I tell you again, it will give you the strongest claim to my affec-

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tions. But O, Edward," she continued, laying her hand on his shoulder, "you know not how your confidence has endeared you to me; my heart trembled with the thought that there was some concealed crime; but you say there is none, and to me, all the rest is nothing." "Nothing, do you say, Susan?" "Nothing, if abandoned, as I hope they will be; but promise me this, as the only thing on earth that can give me peace, that you will return to your home." "I will—I will; my pride shall bend to your wishes. But you will keep yourself for me; you will not refuse me, when I come to claim you?" "No, though all the world should forsake you, yet I will not; though every friend should frown on you, I still will love you. Your fate through life shall be mine, and in death we will not be divided. Farewell," said she, pressing the arm she still held, and vanished from his sight in a moment. "Not gone," said he, starting from his seat; "yet, thank heaven, she avoided a parting that would have unmanned me; I know not if"—here the rustling of Mary's clothes, who was impatient to quit her concealment, startled him, and he flew up the path Susan had taken, to see if she gained her home in safety. In a few moments Mary reached the house, and entering by another door, was seated in her chamber on Susan's entrance. Nothing was said of what had passed, though Mary longed to clasp her sister

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in her arms, express her admiration of her conduct, entreat her pardon that she had even in suspicion wronged her, and express her gratitude for the delicacy with which they must have guarded those nightly meetings, by which her sister's fair fame would else have been destroyed. But prudence restrained her; "I will not," thought she, "distress her with the knowledge that her lover's errors are known to others than herself: all I can do is to join my prayers to hers, that heaven will keep her on its way; no arguments of mine can wean her from this fatal passion."

Next morning again commenced the bustle and confusion of the family of Captain Rudd. Mary took on herself to prepare a fine warm breakfast, while the travelling party were equipping themselves for the journey. But the mother's feelings overcame her so, she could not eat. Susan, too, found herself almost choaked with the first morsel she attempted to swallow; the Captain, though he never felt bigger, or more important in his whole life, not even when he first marched at the head of his company, fidgetted with his knife and fork, played with his victuals, and could not eat. He felt precisely in the same way that the buz of a new top, or the thought of going to a fine show, affects a child, till it destroys its appetite. Mrs. Rudd, while the horses were harnessing, with her bonnet and shawl on, went over the house, opening every door, look-

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ing into every closet, and seemed, with a lingering step, and heavy heart, to be bidding them all adieu. Susan, too, with swimming eyes, came out of her chamber; but it was not the house or its apartments that made her eyes overflow; it was one beyond those walls, and of whom she had just caught a glimpe, as he stood on an eminence that overlooked the house. She waved her handkerchief, and bursting into tears, retreated from the window.

The Captain now called out to know if all was ready, and the whole group clustered round the door. Mrs. Rudd and Susan, who had kissed and wept their adieus over the sleeping children, now, with bursting hearts, embraced and bid farewell to Mary; then seating themselves in the chaise, drove directly from the door. The Captain had hired a neighbour with his horses and wagon, to convey part of his goods, and into this one, by the side of the driver, he stowed Rebekah and the hired girl. On his own wagon, which he meant to drive with his own particular horses, bought of the jockey for that special purpose, he had piled all his most valuable effects; amongst the rest, one large mahogany framed looking-glass, that reached from the ceiling to the floor. There had been considerable difficulty about this glass. Mrs. Rudd was for leaving it at home; if carried to Hoosac, it would certainly be broken. But the Captain

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said no; he was clearly of opinion they ought to show their best side first. After much altercation, the looking-glass was taken down from the post of honour it had occupied for many years, carefully cleaned of its dust, and consigned to its nest between two feather beds. Its next neighbour, as it lay in the wagon, was a corn basket filled with small articles of value, silver tankards and spoons. These last, Mrs. Rudd wished to carry in her pocket; but this, too, the Captain overruled. Candlesticks and China-ware made up its miscellaneous contents. Coarser articles were piled on top, such as light stands, and broad bottomed Windsor chairs, to a respectable height. The Captain now mounted to his elevated seat in front of the vehicle; and I question if ever hero of old, in his triumphal car, felt more completely satisfied and happy. He took up his reins with an air, cracked his whip, and set off full drive for Hoosac.

This was the first time he had harnessed his new horses, and they had not gone the length of the *street*, as the road is called, before they discovered they had a new driver. Horses, as well as men, will sometimes act as if the evil one possessed them. It seems they had no sooner made this discovery, than one of them took it in his head to cut a caper, which his last master had completely whipped out of him. This was to stop short, and

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stand still in defiance of every thing that could be done to urge him forward. After spending about half an hour in tugging, sweating, and swearing, the Captain, at last, started the refractory horse, and once more drove on for Hoosac. He soon came up with the rest of the party, and they all went on together. Nothing material happened on their journey, and the afternoon of the second day brought them to the foot of the mountain. The Captain drove on, intending to get there first, and have things in a little order before the arrival of his wife; for his pride was piqued to give his accommodations an air of respectability in her eyes. He accordingly jogged on at a brisk rate, till about half way up the mountain, when the horses fretted, perhaps from over driving on a rough road, or swayed by some sudden impulse to evil, stopped short, and then began to run back. The Captain, not enough of a horseman to keep his seat and lash them to the top, sprung from the wagon, and seized them by their bits. One fairly lay down in the harness, while the other began to rear and plunge. The Captain was now completely at his wits end; he alternately kicked the sullen, and soothed the restive horse, with, "up you lazy brute! whoa! whoa! Jack, whoa, my man!" then kicking again, when, sure enough, the horse sprung with such force that he twitched the bridle out of his hand, and both of them dashed back, over roots, rocks,

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and stumps, with such fury, that they tumbled head over heals to the bottom of the hill, whirling the wagon after them, and scattering its cargo in every direction. On arriving at the foot of the hill, they cleared themselves of the wagon, and flew like lightning towards the place they came from.

Mrs. Rudd and Susan were riding leisurely along, when the man in the wagon before them called out, to "clear the road;" and they had barely done so, when the furious animals rushed past them—"O God! my husband! my father!" and the reins dropped, in an agony of terror. "Drive on!" shouted the man, "the Captain may be dying." This roused them from their stupefaction, and they soon gained the spot where the wagon lay a wreck, and some of the furniture dashed to pieces. But this was unheeded—"my husband—where is he?—dead—dying—dashed to pieces; for God's sake call him." "Captain, Captain Rudd!" shouted the man, and that moment he appeared in bodily shape, trudging down the hill, wiping the sweat from his brow, and informed them he had had "plaguey bad luck!" "You need not tell us that," said his wife, with so sudden a revulsion of feeling, that I have sometimes doubted whether she was not half angry he was neither killed nor badly wounded. "And so you are alive and well, after all the agony I was

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suffering for you." "Bad beginning, bad beginning," muttered the Captain, as he surveyed the wreck before him: "wagon broke, furniture destroyed, and horses gone to Ballyhack, for what I know." "They have probably gone home, to frighten them all to death about us," said his wife. "I hope now you begin to be satisfied, you have fairly destroyed all we had worth any thing!" and it did, indeed, seem as if nothing had escaped the general ruin. As they proceeded up the hill, Susan espied the great silver tankard in a ditch, and the spoons that had been placed in it by its side. To balance this piece of good fortune, Mrs. Rudd at that moment discovered her best feather bed torn open by the sharp points of a stump on which it had been thrown—the feathers flying about in every direction; and to give the finishing stroke to the whole, the great looking-glass, shivered in a thousand pieces, by its side. An involuntary scream on seeing it drew every one to the spot. "Bad luck to break a looking-glass," said the man who accompanied them. "What will become of us, mother, what shall we do?" said Susan. "God only knows, my child," said she, now completely subdued by the nature and magnitude of her misfortunes. There is, perhaps, no one popular superstition that has so universal an influence, as this of breaking a looking-glass. It, probably, had its origin in their expense, in the

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high price attached to them when they first came into use. The Captain, who was very superstitious, stood over the glittering fragments with such a look of deep despondency, such an expression of giving up all for lost, that his wife, forgetting her resentment, and touched to the very heart, thought of nothing but to infuse into him some hope and consolation; but she was unsuccessful. "We shall have a death in our family soon," said he, in a depressed tone; "never was glass like that broken, but death followed it."

The evening now began to set in, and as they had still some way to go before they should reach their shelter, they left their broken furniture by the road side, and hastened on. It was dusk when they arrived at their new habitation; they were all glad to rest their weary limbs, but its low roof, scanty rooms, desolate hearth, and dilapidated, dirty appearance, threw a chill over all their feelings, that sent them supperless to bed. When the next morning's sun lit up the scene the Captain had so often contemplated in fancy, the site of his great tavern, he shut his eyes in disgust, and from that moment his usual spirits forsook him. He began to be an entirely altered man; he made no objection to his wife's proposal, that Rebekah should return with their neighbour; his usual loud, boisterous manner of speaking, was exchanged for a subdued tone, and it was remarked in his family,

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that he never after this mentioned his tavern, or called his wife the landlady. They led a lonely, uncomfortable life, while they staid on that spot, which, in no one point, agreed with the description they had received of it. But the Captain's gloom and depression was worse than all the rest; he would absent himself for hours; and when, alarmed, they went in pursuit of him, he was always found seated on the rock over which his wagon had first dashed, and surveying, with a despairing look, the shining particles before him. They carefully removed every piece of it from his sight; even scraped the earth over it, but all to no purpose: it was evident the idea was deeply impressed on his mind, that the expected death was to be his own, and his conduct led them to believe he fancied it would happen on that very spot.

They had now been six weeks on the mountain, and no one could tell what they staid there for; the road or tavern were never mentioned; some of the few solitary stragglers that passed that way had, indeed, heard of such a plan, but considered it a visionary scheme, and thought no more about it. No efforts were making to clear the ground, or to cultivate that which was cleared. In this situation of things, Mrs. Rudd spoke with energy and determination: "We must return," she said to her husband, "back to our old farm; it is folly and madness to stay here any longer:

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you must harness your old steady horse into the chaise, and start for home this very morning, and return with some conveyance to take us all away." The Captain assented, for he was so completely crest fallen, that he was managed as easily as a child, and was soon ready to commence his journey. He bade them all farewell—a thing he was never in his life known to do before. In his manner there was much affection, and a certain air of solemnity that imparted a kind of nameless apprehension to their bosoms. When he was seated in the carriage, and as his wife put a small packet into it, he grasped her hand, and, evidently struggling with strong emotion, said, "Wife, can you forgive my bringing you here?" "What do you mean by such a question?" said she, trembling from head to foot. "O, you think you can't, then?" "I can, I do—I have nothing to forgive; what do you mean?" "And you'll forgive my calling you landlady?" "Don't mention it; don't think of it, I beseech you!" "Good bye, God bless you," said he, and drove off, leaving his wife in a state of alarm and agitation, not to be described. His presentiment of approaching death, her own secret dread of the omen that had given him so much uneasiness, his unusual affection and solemnity of manner—all pressed upon her, occasioning such a dread of impending evil, that, too restless and uneasy to remain where she was, she

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summoned both her companions, and followed the carriage to the mountain. Could she but see him past that dreadful spot, and down the mountain, she thought she could commit him to the protection of heaven, and wait the event.

When the Captain arrived at the spot where the steep ascent began, they observed he took the precaution of getting out and leading his horse down the road. They now went on with lightened hearts, thinking he must be safe while on his feet; they quickened their pace, as the carriage, winding down the hill, left their sight. But, merciful God! when they again saw it, the wheel was in the very act of crushing his body on that fatal rock. With convulsive screams, his wife and daughter rushed forward, and raised him in their arms; but he was gone! No sign of life appeared; the wheel had passed directly over a vital part—he had died without distortion, and apparently without a groan. His face retained the look of saddened apprehension it had worn so long, and he had met death where, it was evident, he looked for it. But who shall describe the feelings of the wife and daughter, as they knelt in that lone spot by the crushed and lifeless form of the husband and father. Susan sunk on the grass beside him, and sobbed as if her heart would break; but the widow, mute and still as the lifeless clay before her, stood with a gaze so vacant, and in an at-

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titude so motionless, that the girl who was with them whispered Susan in a tone of alarm, "look at your mother." She started from the indulgence of her grief, and with faltering accents said, "mother!" but neither look nor motion showed recognition of the sound. She sprung upon her feet—"mother!"—that appeal was not unheeded—"My child"—the springs of nature were unloosed, and showers of tears now kept her heart from bursting. Long time they wept and mourned, without uttering a word to each other. Every proof of affection, every expression of tenderness, from him who was no more, passed in review before their minds; no one little thing was forgotten that gave him a claim to their love; no one remembered that he had ever caused them sorrow. Recollections of bad feeling, of impatience, of irritation, rushed through the widow's brain, till she broke the dreadful silence of the scene with a groan of anguish—"God! God! forgive me, repining wretch that I have been."—"Mother," said Susan, looking in her face, "do you remember how father appeared this morning?" "Don't ask me, child, don't ask me; I insisted on his going; I urged him away; and, to think too, Susan, he humbled himself to ask my forgiveness—and, for nothing."

"I beg of you, Mrs. Rudd, to compose yourself," said the girl, who had stood by in silence.

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"I would not frighten you, but I thought I heard a wolf." This new cause of terror completely counteracted the effects of the former shock, and nerved them at once. "It might not be—I might be mistaken—but there are wolves on the mountain, and they scent a dead body very soon." There was no time to be lost; but they could not secure themselves by flight, and leave that lifeless body to the devouring jaws of the beasts of the forest. In this emergency, they recollected a party of wood-cutters, who were encamped somewhere on the side of the mountain. Susan perfectly remembered the direction in which she had heard the strokes of their axes the day before, and begging the others to remain where they were, flew off like lightening. Minutes seemed hours, as they alternately gazed on the stiffening form they watched, and listened, with every sense absorbed in one, for the dreadful growl. Susan returned at last, with four men for her companions. On hearing her short and touching story, they all threw down their axes, and followed her to the spot. They stood, with thoughtful air and respectful silence, a few minutes over the corpse; then, twisting a litter of green boughs, proceeded with it up the mountain, followed by the lonely females.

It was the middle of June, and the weather so intensely hot, that symptoms of change soon began to appear in the corpse. The men who had

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conveyed it to the house, after preparing it for the grave, with the kindest and most considerate feeling, proposed that one of their number should remain with them, while the others made arrangements for the burial. The first wish of Mrs. Rudd, was to convey the body home; but from appearances, this was not to be thought of. Though he had died so suddenly, and in the full vigour of health, the men advised the interment to take place that very night. There would be a bright moon, and they would prepare a tight strong coffin, and select a spot at the foot of the mountain. With eyes and hearts overflowing, poor Mrs. Rudd thanked them, 'twas all she could do, and left every thing to their own judgment.

As they descended the mountain to dig the grave, they stopped to examine the spot where the accident had happened. The horse had evidently turned short and suddenly from the road, but, as he had no appearance of fright, from what cause they could not conjecture. Had they known that the eyes of the deceased had been, for weeks, by some unknown fascination, rivetted to that spot, they would, probably, have arrived at the conclusion, that in passing it, he had gazed and turned so long toward it, that he had drawn the horse round until the till of the carriage, pressing on him, threw him on the rock, while the horse, freed from restraint, drew the wheel direct-

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ly over him. Sad and sorrowful the hours rolled on this day in the house of mourning. They could not think, without shuddering, of following the body in the evening by the very spot where it had been rendered lifeless in the morning; yet the increasing darkness of its appearance, made them dread the alterations of every succeeding hour. They watched and waited for the coffin, and for those who were to assist in burying the dead; but ere they appeared, the day had gone down, the twilight faded from the eye, and the moon, high above them, shed her lustre alike on the mourners and the coffin—on the living and the breathless clay. They laid him in his grave; and, as if God has left a little spot in every man's bosom, where the widow and the fatherless may creep in for protection, one of the party volunteered to procure a team, and convey Mrs. Rudd home; while the others stretched themselves on the floor, through that gloomy night, nor left her, till they saw her face set towards her now desolate dwelling. She, shuddering, closed her eyes as she passed the fatal rock; bent over her husband's grave, and prayed for the strength of grace; then giving her hand, in turn, to each of those who had shown her kindness in her hour of trouble; "take," said she, "the thanks—the blessings of the widow and the fatherless: you have consoled me in my affliction; you have been my

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friends in the hour of need; and should your wives be widows, and your children fatherless, may God, in his mercy raise them up such friends as you have been to me." They bowed in silence; no one spoke. She went on her journey, and they returned to their labour.

Mrs. Rudd had now been undisturbed at her old home for two months. Consoled and comforted by the sympathy of her neighbours, her health was regaining its wonted firmness, when a man, a stranger she had never seen, called on her, to know when it would be convenient for her to leave the premises. With a stare of astonishment, she inquired what he meant! He had purchased the place of Mr. S——, the man to whom her husband sold it, when he purchased Hoosac. "But he gave us back a life lease, that I believe will satisfy you, sir; I have a right to stay as long as I please." "I have purchased it, and received a clear warrantee deed, free from any incumbrance; if such a writing exists, he shall smart for it." Mrs. Rudd now left the room, and soon returned with the paper in her hand. The stranger read it through attentively. "You yourself, madam, have laboured under a great mistake; the lease was given for your husband's life, but no mention is made of you." "But what was my husband's is mine, is it not?" "Not in this case; his right ended with his life." The poor widow

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now groaned in spirit; trouble hemmed her in on every side. "But how is this possible? the lease was read over to my husband and myself, but we never noticed this; I had no suspicion he meant to cheat us." "That's the very reason," said the honest stranger; "had you known him as I do, you'd have looked out for him, and had your own name down here in black and white. I warrant he talked to you, as if you both might stay here all your days; and so you would, if your husband had lived; but he had wit enough to know one incumbrance was better than two, and if he could leave out your name without being found out, it would be a fine bit." "I suppose," sighed she, "there is no way left for me, but to submit. I hope you will not turn us out of the house without a little time to prepare." "No—*no*, widow, God forbid! I must bring my family in a month, but the house is large enough to hold us all; you can stay till you get things fixed to your mind; and if you have any plan in your head, as to how you shall manage after you leave this place, as I know more about doing business than you, I'll advise you to the best of my power."

It was rather an abrupt proposal; but there was such an air of honest sincerity, of a straightforward wish to strike out something for the widow's good, that, thankful in her heart she had some one to interest himself in her fate, she gladly

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unfolded her situation, and all she knew of her future prospects. "I have," "said she, "in the next parish, a house and several acres of land, left me by my father. It has been rented a number of years to the clergyman of the parish; he would have bought it, but I could not consent to sell. I must now give him warning to quit the house, and I, with my children, must remove into it. That is all I possess in the world of my own; and my husband left nothing but the land on Hoosac, and some little personal property round this farm." The farmer listened very attentively to this statement. "Has the minister paid up his rent punctually?" "I do not know," "It would be well enough to find out; we are not very apt to dun such gentry, and they are not very famous for remembering pay day; but I know him; he is a good man; he'll do right by you." The farmer now took his leave, volunteering his services to call, and give the minister warning to quit the place, and telling her to make herself comfortable, and not think of quitting till he brought his family.

It was trying to see a home they loved so well pass into the hands of strangers; but, "God's will be done," said the widow; "we have the promise that 'as our day is, so shall our strength be.' We must rely on this, my children; be patient and industrious, and with submission take the evil with the good." Not much was said in this

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little family of the causes which led them to their present situation; they could find no terms to do it without an implicit reflection on him who was gone. The sight of his place vacant at their board, of his chair empty by their fire, would at any time suppress a remark, that could bring to mind that imprudence and want of foresight was the cause of their calamity. They now busied themselves in preparations for their departure, but it was retarded by an unforeseen event. The very day the farmer's family arrived, they received intelligence that the worthy minister, who had so long occupied her house, was dead, from a stroke of apoplexy. As every thing in his house was in confusion, ready to remove, his afflicted widow begged the privilege of remaining undisturbed, till she could arrange her things for a final removal to her friends, in a distant part of the country. Mrs. Rudd immediately returned an assurance that she might remain as long as she pleased. So lately tried in the furnace of affliction, she could do no less for a sister in adversity; her heart bled for the sufferings of another. She had obeyed its first impulse in allowing the widow to remain; but now when the furniture of the new family lay in piles round the house, and new faces kept thronging in, where was she to stay? what was she to do? With a good deal of trepidation, she waited the arrival of the master of the

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house; but the moment he came, his honest, hearty greeting, cheered her at once; she stated her case simply in few words, and begged him to inform her with sincerity, if it would be inconvenient or unpleasant for her to remain a few days. "No, no; he should be glad to have her; his wife would be homesick without some company;" then stepping into another room, he returned with a plain, respectable looking woman, whom he introduced as Mrs. Bartlet, his wife. She shook hands cordially and kindly with the widow and her daughters, said she should be glad of their company, and hoped they would feel at home.

Mrs. Rudd now inquired which room they would choose to have her occupy. "Occupy them all, if you will," said he; "we always live all over the house; it will be all useless trouble, too, for you to prepare meals for yourself, as we can set out a table large enough for us all, and you shall be welcome." "But I cannot submit to such obligation." "O, I guess you can; try it and see; you, madam, can be company for my wife—she's not very well, and wants somebody to talk to; your two girls, to lighten the obligation as you call it, can put up the furniture, and fix the rooms; as for Becky here, catching her round the waist, she shall stay by right; I've pitched upon her for George's wife." "What, that fine tall youth that just passed through the room?" "Yes, he's my

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second son; the oldest is at college, but George is the likeliest of the two; I've kept him to the best school I could find, in the winter, and steady at work in the summer; that's the way to make scholars;—we have four boys; never had a girl, but Becky will make it all up by and by." This cordiality and good humour placed them more completely at their ease, than the most studied good breeding could possibly have done. He now called out to Rusha Tyler, an ancient maiden of fifty, who had lived in his house for twenty years, to get supper enough for six more than common. Rusha and the supper soon made their appearance:—a cup of tea strong enough to bear up an iron wedge, for she, as well as her mistress, was a famous tea drinker; a noble dish of stewed chickens; a huge pile of white fine short cakes, and a loaf cake of royal dimensions, made on purpose for the moving supper. Every thing in Mr. Bartlet's family was on a large scale; he lived well, for he could afford it; he said to Mrs. Rudd, he "had always had" what he called "a run of good luck; every thing had prospered in his hands, from the time he was of age, till the present moment; his children were all smart and healthy; he could bring them all up to college if they was a mind, except George, though he was fit to enter now, but 'twas of no use, for he never knew a college learned farmer but went behind hand."

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Cheered and diverted from the contemplation of their troubles, a fortnight passed rapidly away, when, with the warmest gratitude for their kindness, they bade this hospitable family farewell. Mr. Bartlet and George went with them, provided hay for their barn, wood for their door, and left them with a warm and free invitation to come to their old home as often, and stay as long as they pleased. They were now left to themselves, and thrown upon their diminished resources; yet, with the sum they received from the minister's property, whose account they found perfectly exact, they indulged the hope, that with industry and economy, they might support themselves with respectability and comfort. But, were they now free from apprehension of trouble? Susan's dimmed eye, her pallid cheek, and wasting frame, showed that all was not right within. She shrunk from every question with such excessive agitation, that her mother could by no means arrive at the truth of the case. Honour and delicacy sealed Mary's lips, respecting the interview she had witnessed, and the confessions she had overheard, to say nothing of a sort of nameless good feeling that had grown in her heart towards Maltby himself. She could not think, without trembling, of Susan's uniting herself to one, who, by his own account, had drifted at random on the ocean of life; yet the strength and purity of his attachment to her, his

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anxiety to screen her from censure, the delicacy and respect with which she was convinced he had ever treated her, awakened a sort of grateful feeling towards him, that insensibly softened the deep colouring of his faults and vices.

But the sensations of the friends of Susan were happiness, compared with those of the poor girl herself. Wild fancies pressed upon her brain, and dreadful fears upon her heart. She had never received the least intelligence from him since the night they parted; he might be distant; he might be dead; he might have returned to his friends, and been prevailed on to forget her; and, Oh! horror and agony! he might be imprisoned for crime—crime to which he had been driven by dreadful necessity. In vain reason and prudence suggested, that she threw away all chance of happiness and comfort, by suffering her affections to dwell on one, in whom she placed so little confidence as to suffer such dreadful apprehensions. Her judgment admitted it was so, but what avail the decisions of judgment, when opposed to passion. Those who have never been swayed by sudden and irresistible impulse, can by no means be made to understand its force. It was in the power of Susan, however, to understand it, in the state in which she now was. She sat by her window in the fine autumn twilight; her thoughts on her lover, her fingers busily employed braiding the straw,

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that, for years before the introduction of Leghorns, was a certain resource for the industrious female; her eye resting on a clump of trees that stood like an advanced guard to the grove, which stretched beyond it. "What a place," thought she, "is that little green lane to meet Edward;" and, "I *shall find him there*," was impressed upon her heart, her soul, and her brain, as by the darting of a sunbeam. The longer she looked, the stronger the impression grew; till blushing for her weakness, she shut her eyes, and at last withdrew from the window. She had been accustomed to remain in the house at evening so long, that she was half afraid to go out; but the impulse was not to be resisted; she again went to the window; again looked at the green lane, and throwing a shawl around her, stole from the house. She flew by the clump of trees, and turned into the lane beyond them. Her heart beat as if bursting from her bosom, but not in alarm, as she saw a man advancing from the thicket; to her there was but one in the world—she sprung forward—"Edward"—"my own Susan"—and was clasped in her lover's arms. I shall pass over the raptures of these lovers meeting. Those who have hearts, will imagine them much better than I can describe them; and to those who have not, the scene itself would have been irksome and insipid. But we envy not the temperament of those who can pass on, nor

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linger one little moment over the re-union of two young hearts, so long severed, and so faithful.

When they became a little calm, and began to talk over the events that had befallen them since their separation, he informed Susan that, agreeably to his promise, he lost no time in returning home. "The sacrifice of pride was dreadful, but the promise was given to the tenderest affection, and I would not break it. You said I would carry joy to the bosom of my suffering mother; she fainted at first with excess of it, and it was some days before she could bear me from her sight.—But I will not, my love, dwell on the happiness of my family, in receiving their wanderer to their arms, but will hasten to tell you with what visible delight they remarked and congratulated me on the improvement of my habits, my change of life, and the feelings of my heart. I would not say this to another, but I feel it due to you. It was with no slight agitation I said, 'if there exists one to whom this change is solely owing, what would your feelings dictate towards that one; what would yours, my mother?' 'If there is one on earth to whom we owe such a debt,' said she, bursting into tears, 'I would fall on my knees and thank him.' 'And you, my father?' 'I would,' said he, with much emotion, 'beg him never to trust you from his side.' 'It is one,' said I, 'whom I would wish forever to be at my side;

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one whom I would take to my heart—my arms; a young girl of eighteen, whose beauty, simplicity, and purity of soul, inspired me with a fervent, virtuous attachment, that has weaned me from folly, disgusted me with vice, and brought my heart back to the pure affections of my nature. To see you, my mother, receive and cherish this amiable and lovely being as your daughter, is now the dearest wish of my heart.' 'If she is as you describe her—if she has done all this—bring her to me; I will open my heart, my arms; she shall be to me a daughter.'

"I cannot, my dear Susan, tell you all that was said; but I have now, with the free and warm consent of my parents, and the kindest wishes of my sister, come to claim you for my wife; to carry back to my parents a daughter, who, I have assured them, will not be surpassed by their own, in every attention that filial tenderness will dictate. I will not ask if you consent to go, for I cannot admit the possibility of a denial, while I remember the faith you pledged." Tears gushed from Susan's eyes at every succeeding proof of tenderness in her lover; but now, when he said he had come to claim her for his wife, to take her from her own home, and carry her to his, though it was what she had looked and sighed for, yet, as soon as she could command her voice, she said, "I acknowledge my promise—I will adhere to it; but not now,

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dearest Edward; urge me not now." "What does this mean, Susan?" said he, looking intently at her. "Had you," said she, recovering herself, "returned in precisely the situation you described to me, I would, without hesitation, have given you my hand; I should have felt you had none in the world but me, and I would have been all to you. But now, restored to affluence, in the bosom of your family, you have other ties. I am not so essential to your happiness; neither should I, knowing you were there, suffer much uneasiness for your welfare." "For God's sake, tell me in one brief word, if with my change of fortunes, you have changed too? Believe me, madam, I shall not trouble you with my love, when I know you no longer value it." "I have not deserved this," said she, relapsing into tears. "Forgive me, Susan, I am rash and impetuous, but your language drives me to madness. If you really are unchanged, why chill my feelings by words of coldness? why, at this time, damp my hopes, my spirits, by saying my improved fortunes have rendered me less interesting to your feelings?" "I did not say so," replied she, in a saddening tone; "but if you knew the misery I have suffered from uncertainty about you, you would be willing I should know a little rest and quiet, when circumstances seemed to warrant it." "Rest and quiet are poor words—joy and happiness are what I hope and expect, through

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life, from you; and in dispensing it to me, might I not hope my beloved girl would find it too? But I cannot bear suspense," added he, impatiently; "tell me, in one word, you will go with me."

"When I saw you last, I said I would give up all my friends for your sake; since then, the situation of our family is much altered. My mother has known so much sorrow, that I cannot voluntarily cause her more. She knows nothing of you; she will never give her consent, and it would be death to me to go without it." "But if I can by any means propitiate your mother, will you go with me?" "Would she consent, I could not object, but I am convinced she will not." "We will ascertain that soon," said he, drawing her arm within his; "I will now attend you home." To open the door and walk into her mother's presence with Edward Maltby, was not to be thought of by Susan; yet, what excuse could she make?—how tell his name, which was never mentioned in her family, but as the sound of one of their greatest troubles? Oh, no! that she could never do. He knew her father's prejudices, but he had no suspicion of her mother's dislike and dread of him. Thoughts like these chained her to the spot where she stood, and when at last she raised her eyes, she saw her lover regarding her with a look that seemed to read her very soul.

"Why do you look at me so, Edward?" said

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she, trying to recover herself: "You really are not serious; you do not mean to apply to my mother this very night." "It is certainly my intention to know what I may depend on, before I sleep," replied the impetuous Maltby; "that is, if you are not determined to keep me in suspense. Your hesitation, your wavering, your apparent concealment of something, I know not how to understand." "But do put it off till morning," said she, her thoughts wholly bent on deferring the dreaded interview; "to take mother and Mary by surprise now—and we have a young clergyman boarding with us, too; it would be unpleasant for you to see him there, if you should not be well received." "And it would be unpleasant to the young clergyman to see *me* there, would it not? Susan, the thought is death to me; but have you suffered a partiality for him to drive me from your bosom?" "No, no, Edward; how could you think so? to set your mind at rest, he will marry Mary, if either; he has no eyes for me. But," she added, "I will now go with you; I have in some measure conquered my reluctance, and be assured, my mother shall not think me indifferent to the fate of your petition." "Thank you—thank you, Susan; I feared and suspected, I know not what, but it is all over; you are my own again."

As they drew near the door, Edward, alarmed at her extreme agitation, assured her he would

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willingly defer it till morning; but she had made up her mind to the task, and conscious it would then be as bad, or worse, proceeded on. Her mother stood in the door; "My child, where have you been this cold, chill night?" She stepped into the entry—"Edward Maltby, mother," and completely devested of all self-control, sprung on the stairs, and rushing into her chamber, locked the door, and threw herself on the bed, in a tumult and agony that baffles description. For some time she lay violently compressing her senses to shut out even the murmur of voices from below; then, as hope or fear predominated, stole softly to her door, unlocked it, and leaning over the balustrade, listened to catch something from which she might judge the tenor of their conversation; then returning, would throw herself on the bed, and weep with the thought that her mother was inexorable. Two long hours she lay in this tormenting suspense, when a light footstep stole softly to her bedside, and a voice, that to Susan seemed like angel's music, whispered, "She has consented; she is satisfied; you are to go in a week." "Mary, do you tell me true?" said she, rising from her pillow; then throwing her arms round her sister's neck, she buried her face in her bosom, and wept for thankfulness and joy.

The sisters were soon sent for down; as Susan entered the room, her mother embracing her, said,

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"I have given you up, my child; I have sacrificed my judgment and reason to what I feel will contribute to your present happiness; and that you may find it through life in the one you have chosen, shall be my daily prayer to Heaven. He has brought me a letter from his father," continued she, "that has given me much satisfaction. I feel confident of the respectability of the family with whom you are to be connected; I am assured they will treat and love you as their child. O, you know not how hard it is for a mother to part with her child to others, and strangers hands; yet, I know not, but I can better do it, than see you the prey to consuming grief, as you have been. Edward tells me that through the interest of some of his father's friends, he has procured an honourable employment that will afford him a moderate, but permanent income. Be as good a wife, my child, as you have been a daughter; practice economy, and continue the industrious habits in which you have been reared; do your best, my child, and we must leave the event to the hands of God."

One month from that time saw Edward Maltby, and his lovely wife, settled in a pleasant habitation of their own. She had wept on her mother's bosom at parting—over and over embraced her sisters, and two little brothers; but the affection and tenderness of her husband, weaned her from sad recollections, and in the kind and cordial recep-

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tion she received from his friends, she felt that no good was lost, but that every blessing she had ever known was multiplied.

Mrs. Rudd lives happy and respected. She saw Mary pleasantly settled, married to the clergyman of the parish; they did not leave her on their union, but remained with her. Rebekah became, indeed, the mistress of the beautiful place they had all so idolized. She, the wife of George Bartlet, who in manhood was all that his youth promised; her two youngest children promise fair; and from Susan she constantly receives little presents and letters, that describe her husband as the best, and her children as the prettiest in the world. Mrs. Rudd will sit for hours and entertain her grand-children with reminiscences of things gone by, and after telling them the pathetic story of her husband's death, and her sufferings on Hoosac Mountain, she endeavours to impress on their minds, to be contented when they are well off; never to sign a paper without first reading every word of it; and never, on any account, to break a looking-glass, as trouble and death will most certainly follow.

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THE FORTUNE TELLER.

(*Original.*)

During the revolutionary war with Great Britain, I held a cornetcy in a dragoon regiment belonging to the division of the American army under the command of Major Davenport, stationed in Pennsylvania. One afternoon, having pondered until my head ached over old musty maps, and plans of battles, sieges, retreats, and victories, and being in no humour to enjoy society, I ordered my servant Cato to saddle my horse Rapid, and mounting him, I rode slowly out of camp, with an intention of viewing the surrounding scenery and neighbourhood. I proceeded at a moderate pace along a level and pleasant road, stopping occasionally to admire the picturesque beauty of a distant water fall, or the more majestic appearance of the lofty mountains. The highly cultivated fields, and the rich fruits and beauteous gardens reared or cultivated by the industry of man, also attracted my attention. I was just beginning to ponder and reflect how soon all these beauties might be destroyed, and even the neat straw-thatched cottage of the labourer present nothing but a black and smoking pile of

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ruins, if desolating and relentless war should take its ruthless march through this fair valley, when my attention was attracted by the sound of an infant voice.

Turning my horse, I beheld a little rosy-cheeked, cherub-faced boy, apparently about five years old, creeping from beneath the shade of some bushes on the border of the road. His raven curls fell in great profusion around his neck and face, and his dark black eye danced with pleasure as I approached him. Standing erect and firm, with an air more of manhood than of infancy, he asked, as I stopped by his side—"Soldier, will you not let me ride?" "That's what I will, my little man; but where do you wish to ride to?" "Home," was his brief reply. "And where is your home?" inquired I. "Behind the trees on the top of yonder hill," said the boy. I now alighted; and taking his hand, he looked up in my face with a most enchanting smile, as I asked him what had brought him so far away from home alone? "Why, sir," said he, "our dog Ponto comes down here almost every day, and sometimes brings home rabbits and other things, the names of which I do not know, and so, sir, I thought I would come along with Ponto;—and he came along with me well enough, until he got near the bushes, and then he ran so fast into them that I could not keep up with

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him—and then I saw you, sir—and then I called—
—and then—that's all, sir."

Pleased with the beautiful child, I took him in my arms, and placing him in front of the saddle, I mounted behind him, and walked my horse slowly forward, securing the boy in his seat with my right arm. After some time he turned his delighted countenance towards mine, and inquired, why I rode so slow? I told him it was because I was afraid of alarming him. "Aye," replied the boy, "but you know I must not be frightened, because I am to be a soldier too, when I grow big."

I now raised my eyes, and at a short distance before me I beheld a female figure leaning against a tree, pale, trembling, and in appearance almost ready to fall to the ground. Her form was such as a statuary might have studied, and her dress plainly indicated that she was superior to the generality of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood. Her deep black eye was fixed on me with a gaze of anxious inquiry as I approached, and her long raven hair having escaped from its confinement, floated in wild but pleasing disorder around her person. When I came opposite to her, I stopped my horse, and by doing so, awakened the attention of my young companion, who now for the first time observed the lady before us, and exclaimed, "mother! I am riding." This innocent exclamation of the child at once explained to me the

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mystery of the lady's appearance, and I immediately dismounted, and leading the child up to her, she appeared to recoil from me as if apprehensive of danger. "Fear nothing, madam," I exclaimed, "I mean to offer neither rudeness nor insult, and no danger that I can avert shall approach you whilst I am near." I then explained to her my adventure with her son. which appeared to allay her fears, and the colour again returned to her cheeks. She then, in a manner the most polite, insisted on my accompanying her to her cottage, and partaking of such refreshments as it afforded. I complied, and we walked side by side, whilst Rapid followed my steps, to the great astonishment of Edward, for such was the name of the boy, who kept his eye constantly upon him.

After a short walk, we found ourselves opposite to the cottage, which was so called, although it was an extensive and elegant building, but so completely surrounded with trees and shrubbery that it was scarcely perceptible from the road. Having traversed a serpentine course, we found ourselves at the door of the house. We entered; and having been seated for some time, the lady apologised, and withdrew with Edward. I was now left alone, and had leisure to survey the apartment, which was furnished in the richest manner. An elegant turkey carpet covered the floor; on one side of the room stood a superb sideboard,

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covered with plate; and on the other, a sofa of the newest and richest fashion. The chairs were such as to correspond with the other furniture, and the walls were hung with rich and valuable paintings, and some fine original drawings. Mrs. Kaulderston now entered with a servant loaded with wine, grapes, and fruits of every description, then in season. Having eaten some of the fruit, and drank a glass of wine, I seated myself near the lady, who again renewed the conversation. "You must have thought me a strange and frantic creature, when you saw me standing by the road side, leaning against a tree, and almost ready to faint in consequence of my alarm." "Why, mother," exclaimed Edward, before I had time to reply, "you could not have been so much frightened, because you love all soldiers. You know you do—you love father, and he's a soldier." The lady coloured deeply at the pert remark of her son, and attempted to hide her confusion by addressing her conversation to him. "I know that you are a saucy boy, and must be punished the next time you give me so much uneasiness. I love your father, Col. Kaulderston, it is true, because he is my husband." "And have I then," I exclaimed, "The pleasure of addressing the lady of Colonel Kaulderston, whose fame and merit I have heard so highly spoken of?" "You behold his wife and son," was the reply. "I

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should beg pardon, madam, for having so long neglected to say my name is Charles Upton, and that I am a cornet of dragoons in the squadron commanded by Major William Davenport." "There is no necessity for apologies," said Mrs. Kaulderston," for I could perceive, after a very few moments, conversation, that you are a gentleman, and that appellation, when correctly applied, is superior to every other name or title."

I now arose to take my departure; but Mrs. Kaulderston insisted on my staying until tea was served, which, she said, should be at an earlier hour than usual, and she urged me to do so with so sweet a grace, that I could not resist her. "I live here, Cornet Upton, so secluded and retired, that I feel like a bird recently escaped from its cage, when I can summon agreeable society around me. But, alas! I possess no charms that will bring them." "If the charms of Mrs. Kaulderston are insufficient to bring agreeable society around her, then may we all despair of enjoying it," said I. "Sir," said the lady, blushing deeply, which only served to heighten her beauty, "you have taken advantage of my expression, and construed it in a way I did not intend to use it: when Colonel Kaulderston was ordered to join his regiment, he repaired and furnished this house, which had long been his, and improved the grounds as you now see them. He then, being unwilling

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to expose me to the dangers attending on a marching regiment, brought me to this place, as being the least exposed to intrusion from either friend or foe. In this room I parted from him three years ago, and since that period I have seen him but four times. I live here like a solitary; for although I am so near your camp, you are the first officer of your army, with the exception of Captain Nichols, that has entered my door."—"They are apprehensive, Madam, I presume, of intruding on your bower of solitude, lest they might be unwelcome visiters. May I be permitted to inquire if you have long known Captain Nichols?" "He was first introduced to me," the lady replied, "by my husband, who presented him as a friend who had preserved his life in action; this may have been about four years ago, and from that time I have seen him but seldom, and at long intervals; since he has been in the neighbourhood, I have not seen him more than five or six times."

The tea equipage was now introduced, and we sat down at a small table, placed near the window, for the benefit of the air. I was seated directly opposite to Mrs. Kaulderston, and could scarcely withdraw my eyes for a moment from her lovely and intelligent countenance, until I observed that my regards embarrassed her, when I in turn became as much confused as she had been, which she observed, and secretly enjoyed, as I could tell by

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the half suppressed smile that played around her mouth. Suddenly I was startled by a loud and shrill neigh from Rapid, which reminded me of where I was, and that I had other duties to perform. I looked at my watch, and found that I had only half an hour to reach camp, and be in time for evening parade. "Madam," said I, addressing myself to Mrs. Kaulderston, "I must leave you abruptly, and I am afraid somewhat rudely, as my time has been so completely beguiled, that I forgot that I had not obtained leave of absence from the evening parade, and I have now only half an hour's time to spare." "Bring out Cornet Upton's horse," said Mrs. Kaulderston to a servant. "I hope, Madam," I continued, "that you will permit me to wait on you in the morning, to apologize for my strange forgetfulness this afternoon." "Cornet Upton will be at all times a welcome visiter," replied the lady.

My horse was now brought to the door; I sprang into the saddle, and arrived in camp just as the trumpets were sounding for parade. I had, however, time sufficient, with the aid of my faithful Cato, to change my undress for a full uniform, and appear before my troop was formed.

After parade, I retired to my quarters, and threw myself down on my bed; but sleep was a stranger to my eyelids. The transactions of the day appeared to my bewildered fancy like a fairy

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dream. Since I had arrived at the age of maturity, I had lived so secluded, that I had seen but little good female society; and when Mrs. Kaulderston burst on me with all her charms, assisted by the fictitious aid of the most elegant dress, she was so superior both in mind, person, and accomplishments, that she appeared like a being of a superior race. When I at length sank to rest, my sleep was uneasy and disturbed, and I could dream of nothing but of my proposed visit to the cottage the next day. But, alas! when that day arrived, the rain poured down in torrents, and I could not go without attracting more attention than I was willing to have fixed upon me.

To pass away some of the hours, which hung heavily on my hands, I paid a visit to Captain Nichols, in his tent. When he saw me, he arose, and taking me kindly by the hand, said, "This is the first time I have had the pleasure of seeing you in my tent, but I hope you will not continue to be so unsociable as you have been." I thanked him for his politeness, and we were then seated. "I suspect, Cornet," continued he, "that I am more indebted to the rain than to your good will for this visit—you need not reply, for I can tell by your blushing, that if the weather had been fair, you would have been at this moment seated by the side of the accomplished Mrs. Kaulderston, and not prosing with an old soldier. I take it for

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granted, that you must have been much pleased with your visit of yesterday, as you were to have repeated it this morning." Abashed, confused, and astonished that he should be already apprised of my visit to the cottage, and of my intended call this morning, I knew not what reply to make. He seemed to enjoy my embarrassment, and although he did not relieve my curiosity, relative to the manner in which he had acquired his information, he turned the conversation into another channel, and by the kindness of his proposition, diverted my attention from what had passed.

On my departure from Captain Nichols, and the weather having cleared up, I proceeded on my visit to Mrs. Kaulderston. When I arrived at the commencement of the avenue leading to the cottage, I met my little favourite Edward, running towards me with eager anxiety again to ride. I dismounted, and placing him before me, we proceeded to the cottage, at the door of which I saw Mrs. Kaulderston standing. I immediately dismounted with the boy, and we then entered the house. "I was apprehensive, sir," said Mrs. Kaulderston, "that the rain would have prevented me from enjoying the pleasure of your company to-day, but you have agreeably disappointed me. I was particularly anxious to see you, because I propose to have a small party at the cottage to-morrow, to which I wish you to invite as many of

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your brother officers, as you may think proper to introduce." "Madam," I replied, "I regret that I shall not be able to participate in your intended hospitality, as I am ordered on an expedition against the enemy to-morrow, and know not when I shall return." I thought I could perceive Mrs. Kaulderston turn pale as I said this, but it may have only been my vanity flattering my imagination. She appeared to me a thousand times more beautiful, if possible, than she had done the day before; her eye sparkled with more vivacity and expression; her hair was tastefully put up, and her whole dress was arranged with more care, so as to display the exquisitely fine proportions of her person. She arose and went across the room, and as my eyes followed her, her feet appeared scarcely to touch the carpet, so light and elastic was her step. I could have gazed forever on a form so divine. My whole soul was wrapt in one object, and I forgot who and what I was. I was awakened from my dream by her saying, "I regret, Mr. Upton, that you are about to enter on a perilous career, and my prayers shall be offered up for your safety, in conjunction with those I daily put up for the safety of my husband, who is now engaged in active and dangerous service. The loss of you would deprive me of the only agreeable acquaintance I have for a long time formed. My proposed party shall be postponed until your return, as I

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could not enjoy pleasure whilst I knew that you were exposed to danger." This expression of anxiety for my safety, coming from the lips of a most beautiful woman, was so new to me, who was so new to the world, that it both pleased and flattered me.

She now proposed that we should walk around the ground, whilst the servants were preparing tea. Then summoning Edward, who followed us, accompanied by his favourite Ponto, we strolled through the beautiful walks which surrounded the house on every side, relieved by beds of the most rare and beautiful shrubs and flowers. As I walked by the side of Mrs. Kaulderston, I could not help expressing my admiration of a spot so beautiful, and so retired. "It wants but one thing," said Mrs. Kaulderston, "to make it a little paradise, and that is the society of my husband and a few select friends; with them, here could I live, and never feel one wish to go beyond its bounds." A servant now came to summon us to tea, and we returned to the cottage. After tea, we sat down to a game at chess, but my eyes were so constantly fixed on my fair antagonist, that I made false moves in almost every stage of the game, and she thus proved greatly my superior. The hour of my departure having arrived, I mounted my horse and proceeded towards the camp, accompanied by the best wishes of Mrs.

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Kaulderston, for my success and safety through the perils I was going to encounter.

As I rode slowly towards the camp, I could not help pondering over some of the events of the day, without, however, knowing precisely my object in doing so. The anxiety and evident interest which Mrs. Kaulderston took in my fate, pleased, but yet bewildered me. The tones of her voice, and the varied, but strong and meaning expression of her countenance in the music room, had made a deep impression on me. When I entered my tent, I found the faithful Cato there, awaiting my return, to know if he had prepared every thing for the morning's expedition. I found all in most excellent order. I then retired to my bed in hopes of obtaining some rest to nerve me for the exertions of the coming fight. But the sound of the voice and harp of Mrs. Kaulderston rung in my ears, and the shadow of her form again floated before my eyes. About midnight, however, I sank into a profound sleep, from which I was awakened before daylight, by Cato, who entered my tent with a lighted candle. He informed me the horses were fed and caparisoned, and ready for me at any moment.

In an engagement, which took place with the enemy during the course of the day, I was so severely wounded that I had to be carried off the field of battle. This occurrence confined me to

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my tent for several weeks, during which I experienced the kindest attention from all the officers of the division. One day, when I was left alone with Cato, I heard a contention between the quarter guard and some one who wished to gain admittance. I directed Cato to see who it was, and inform me; he returned, and said it was one of Mrs. Kaulderston's servants, with a basket containing a present for me. I directed Cato to request the sentinel to admit him; when the servant entered, he respectfully presented the compliments of his mistress, and begged, in her name, that I would accept of some fruit and a few jellies, which she thought would be acceptable to me during my confinement. I bid him say to his mistress, that any thing sent to me by her, must always prove acceptable. He had arranged on the table some remarkably fine grapes and other fruit, and several pots of jelly, and was on the point of departing, when Captain Nichols entered my tent. He looked first at the servant, who stood in mute amazement at his appearance and conduct, and then at the table, covered with the present of Mrs. Kaulderston. At length, turning to the servant, with a face distorted and discoloured with rage and fury, he exclaimed, in a tone of voice that caused every nerve in my body to thrill at its sound, "Begone, thou vile, wretched pander, begone before I tear thy villanous heart

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from thy body, and trample thee beneath my feet." The servant withdrew in haste, alarmed at the violence of Nichols, who was now striding rapidly across the tent. Stopping suddenly, and clasping his forehead with both his hands, he exclaimed, in a suppressed tone of agony and pain, that went to my heart, "Wretched, degenerate, infatuated woman," and then resumed his march across my tent. Thinking to arouse him, and perhaps divert him from thoughts that evidently were highly oppressive, I addressed him thus: "Captain Nichols appears to forget that he is not in his own tent, when he orders out of mine those I have been pleased to admit." He turned upon me with a face inflamed with maniac phrensy, his lips quivering and his hands clenched, and furiously replied, "It was well, young man, that in my just anger, I did not immolate the villain in your tent, and lay him a lifeless corpse at your feet." Then turning away from me, and again clasping his forehead, he exclaimed, "Oh God! must I suffer this, and yet retain my reason." He then resumed his hurried and irregular pace across the tent.

Recollecting that Major Davenport had mentioned these fits of melancholy and passion, I remained silent for a long time, and watched his motions, and the expression of his changeful countenance. I could there trace the effects of a fierce and desperate conflict that was passing in his

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mind; and his deep-drawn and heavy sighs convinced me that his heart was ill at ease. Hoping to soothe him, I spoke to him with a kindness I really felt, and said, "Captain, I perceive that you are unhappy, and that your feelings have been excited by some cause of which I am ignorant; if I have unintentionally and unknowingly been that cause, I am heartily sorry for it, and need only be made aware of what I have done to displease you, in order to prevent its recurrence. Do me the favour to taste some of the fruit on that table."

He now burst forth in a loud and long continued hysteric laugh, and then exclaimed, "taste the fruit—taste the fruit—no—not to save you and all the world from the most deep and dire perdition; rather had I gnaw the flesh from off my own bones to appease my hunger, and drink my own blood to slake my thirst, than taste your fruit." He then threw himself on a camp stool that stood near, buried his face in his hands, and remained motionless and silent for more than an hour. Then suddenly starting up, and rushing towards my bed, he cast his blood-shot eyes on me, and exclaimed, "I thought that fate had long since exhausted all hell's black catalogue on my poor and withered heart, but I was mistaken. You, young man, have been able to discover one pang more keen than all that have preceded it,

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and have not spared me with it. Yet fear neither my passion nor my revenge, for I would not willingly harm one hair on thy head, to purchase the vast world's riches—still, when you follow my body to its grave, do not forget to say, there goes the body of a man whose heart I helped to break."

"Captain Nichols, you use me unfairly, and I think I may say, unjustly; you upbraid me with helping to break your heart—of inflicting on you a pang more keen than all the rest that you have felt, and yet refuse to tell me where, when, or how I have offended. Can you yourself call such treatment just?" "Justice!" replied Nichols, "talk you to me of justice? it is a mere by-word, without sense or meaning: talk to the lawyer about *justice*, and he will tell you what is *law*; talk to the soldier about *justice*, and he will tell you what are the commands of *his superior*; talk to the usurer about *justice*, and he will tell you it is *unjust* to bring down *the rate of usance*; ask your friend the meaning of the word *justice*, and he will tell you it has long since *gone into disuse*. Sir, would you strike the dagger to a man's heart, and have him to say with his expiring breath, I'll do you the *justice* to say that you have struck but once, but your aim has been sure."

My patience was now exhausted; and provoked beyond further bearing, by a great exertion I

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raised myself in my bed, when the blood gushed afresh from my arm and side: "Captain Nichols," said I, "if I live to recover from my present situation, you shall render me a dear account for your conduct towards me this day; to insult a wounded and helpless man in his bed is worse than ungentlemanly; it is even brutal." "And think you I fear you?" said Nichols, calmly, with his back still towards me; "does the worm that wishes to die and cannot, does it fear the foot that is upraised to crush it? I am such a worm, and"—turning round and beholding me sitting up in bed, bleeding and pale, the unfinished sentence died on his lips, and he exclaimed—"Heavens! what have I done?" then summoning Cato, he directed him to take care of me, whilst he himself darted out of my tent.

Left to myself, I found my mind in a perfect state of chaos. I could not form any kind of plausible pretext for Nichol's conduct towards me, nor an idea of the foundation on which it rested. I had often been informed of the bursts of passion and feeling to which he was occasionally subject, and which the officers who knew him intimately were in the habit of passing unnoticed, in consideration of the many good qualities he otherwise possessed. That he was displeased with my visits to Mrs. Kaulderston was evident; that her attentive kindness in sending me fruit

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and other niceties was the ostensible, if not the real cause of his unbounded anger this morning, was equally evident. But why this should be so, was a question to which I could frame no answer. I was determined, however, that his conduct should not deter me from paying my respects to that lady, as soon as I was sufficiently recovered to do so.

The next morning I felt dull, heavy, and dispirited, and remained in my bed until Cato had prepared my breakfast. When he was about to lay the cloth on the table, he discovered a note, which he immediately handed to me, and which I found to be directed to myself. I opened it, and judge of my astonishment when I read the following:

"To Lieut. Charles Upton;

"Beware, young man, beware; attend to the voice of prudence and of conscience, or you are lost forever. You are standing on the brink of a precipice, and one step forward plunges you into an abyss of misery and ruin, from which you will struggle and toil in vain to extricate yourself. Stop, then, in time—pause before it is too late—be wise, be virtuous, and be happy.

"MENTOR."

"Where did you find this note?" said I to Cato, with an expression of uneasiness that alarmed him. "Is there any thing bad in it, Massa Charles?" said Cato; "If I had known that there was any thing

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bad in it, I would not have given it to you. I found it on the table." "Go, immediately," said I, "and call the officer on guard." He arrived, and I requested him to make strict inquiry among those who were on duty during my absence; but this proved unsatisfactory—none of them knew how the note came. All declared that no one had been in my tent.

The following day I ordered out the chaise, and directed Cato to drive me to the cottage. When I arrived there, Cato assisted me to get out, and Mrs. Kaulderston helped me into the house, where she had a seat already prepared for me. Observing the seat, I said to her in a laughing manner, "You were resolved to have a seat prepared for me in time, Madam, as you had no reason to expect me here to-day." "No reason to expect you here to-day, sir—I certainly had a very good reason to expect you here—you would scarcely have desired to have your notes addressed to you here, if you did not intend to come and receive them." "A note!" I exclaimed with astonishment—"a note, and addressed to me?—impossible." "Ay, sir, a note addressed to you at the cottage," replied Mrs. Kaulderston; "it was found on my parlour table; but how it came there, none of my people can tell. But why all this astonishment? Is it so very strange that a note should be addressed to you, *supposing* you to be at

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my house; your astonishment excites anxiety and curiosity in me." "Let me have the note," said I, rather impetuously. "You do not expect a challenge from any one, I hope," said she, turning pale. "No, no," I exclaimed, "but for heaven's sake give me the note." The note was produced, and with eager haste I tore it open, and read as follows:

"To Lieut. Charles Upton;

"You have disregarded my first warning, and are approaching nearer and nearer to the very precipice from which I wished to turn your steps. It is not yet too late—return to your tent—fly any where from where you are now, and avoid the evil impending over your head. Beware, young man—I say again, beware—the path you tread is slippery, and one false step made, you are lost forever—aye, *forever lost*—to yourself—to your friends, to all the world. MENTOR."

"By Heaven," exclaimed I, involuntarily, "he almost knows my secret thoughts." Whilst I was reading the note, it was impossible for me to conceal the emotions it excited, and they were observed by Mrs. Kaulderston, who anxiously and eagerly inquired what were its contents, that could so much agitate a man of my equal mind and disposition? "Madam," I replied, "to make you acquainted with the contents of this note, would only cause uneasiness to you, without

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being of the slightest benefit to me. Some cowardly knave or scoundrel is endeavouring, by sending me anonymous notes, to disturb my peace of mind, and destroy my happiness. Permit Cato, Madam, to bring your harp, and favour me with a song; your voice and harp can banish every sorrow, every care, and cause me almost to forget that I exist." "Cato, bring the harp," said Mrs. Kaulderston. The harp was brought, and she played and sang more sweetly than I ever had heard her, or at least I thought so, and therefore sat and listened to her with mute admiration, and forgot all about my mentor.

Just as Mrs. Kaulderston had arisen from her harp, Edward came in, in great haste, his face indicating the greatest terror, and crying out, "Oh! mother, mother, I have seen the fortune teller again." "Well, never mind, she will not hurt you, my son," said his mother. "And pray, who is this fortune teller?" inquired I. "She is a poor eccentric creature," said Mrs. Kaulderston, "who goes about the country from house to house, scaring children, and telling fools their fortunes. Her person has once been elegant and majestic, but it is now withered and shrunk with age, poverty, and hardships; you may readily gather from her conversation, that she has seen better times, and has received a better education than the labouring class of society generally receive. But

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of her own history she is remarkably reserved, and scarcely ever speaks of former times. In her dress she is fantastic in the extreme; sometimes she has her hair braided up with straw, and her dress will contain all the colours of the rainbow; at other times she will be arrayed in perfectly plain apparel, with her long gray hair floating over her shoulders, and reaching almost to the ground; but where she keeps her wardrobe, or how it is supplied, no one knows; she very seldom will receive money, clothes, or any other article except food. I never would have any thing to say to her; but some well-informed people have told me, that she certainly does possess a wonderful knowledge of the past, and an equally wonderful power of divining the future."

"Your description of her has excited my curiosity to see and converse with her," said I.—"I would test her abilities if I were to meet with her." "She is easily to be met with," said Mrs. Kaulderston, "and if you seriously wish to see her, I will direct my servants to send her to you the next time she comes this way." "That would not meet my views," replied I, "because in that case she would be on her guard, and have time to prepare herself for the interview. I had rather meet her unexpectedly, and take her unprepared." "That you can never do, Lieutenant Upton," exclaimed a loud shrill voice, and the form of the

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Fortune Teller glided past the window. "She has been listening to our conversation," said I, "and if I were able, I would follow and punish her for doing so." "Never, Lieutenant, never," exclaimed the same shrill voice.

When we had somewhat recovered from the surprise occasioned by this sudden and unexpected appearance, Mrs. Kaulderston turned towards me and said, "when I last saw you, I mentioned that I was very anxious to have some explanation relative to the scene which passed between you and Captain Nichols in your tent. Will you now be so kind as to relate to me so much of what took place, as you may deem proper for my ear. My servant returned scared half out of his wits, and was certain that the gentleman must be deranged." "Whether it be insanity, or what it is, I know not, but that his conduct to me was most strange and unwarrantable, is certain," said I, and then proceeded to relate what had taken place in the tent, and at our subsequent interview. "Strange and incomprehensible being that he is," said Mrs. Kaulderston; "if he were now in the neighbourhood, I would suspect him of having written the notes you have received; but him it cannot be, as he is far away. The interest that he, unasked and unsolicited, takes in my fate, perplexes and sometimes angers me; he seldom comes to see me, and yet, by some strange means, is acquainted

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with every transaction that takes place in my house, and with almost every word that is spoken in it. That I am indebted to him for many acts of kindness and friendship, which he will never acknowledge, I am well assured; and that his eye, through the agency of some one, is constantly upon me, I know, beyond the possibility of a doubt." After some farther conversation on the same subject, I took my leave of Mrs. Kaulderston, and started for the camp.

My health having been so far improved as to permit my going out in my chaise, and having received a pressing invitation to accompany Lieutenant Willowby, of our corps, to visit the house of Major Johnson, we set out one morning early for that purpose. When we had proceeded about half a mile on the road, we perceived just before us the Fortune Teller. As we passed her, she surveyed me with a scrutinizing glance, and exclaimed in her peculiar, shrill tone, "We shall meet again, and that soon;" and then dashed into the bushes, with a remarkable large dog following her, and they were soon out of sight.

"Which of us was it that she addressed?" said Willowby to me, with a look of anxiety; "one of us will certainly see her again soon, and I confess that I have no great inclination to be in her company." "It was me that she addressed," said I; "but whence arises your aversion to meeting her?

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I am told she is perfectly harmless." "My aversion to meeting her may arise from early prejudice," said Willowby, "as I have long known her. She at one time lived at a cottage belonging to my father, and I am well acquainted with her history some time prior to that." "Do favour me with a sketch of it as we ride along the road," said I.

"When she first came into the neighbourhood where we resided, she was married, and lived, if not in splendour, at least in very comfortable circumstances, for some years. An air of mystery and concealment, however, always hung about them. They visited no one, and their house was almost inaccessible. A misunderstanding at last took place between her and her husband, who left her, and was never more heard of. When she first settled among us, she was considered by the few who obtained access to her, to be the most accomplished lady in the settlement. Her person was remarkably fine, her face beautiful, and she was possessed of every accomplishment that was at that time to be obtained for money. Her reading had been extensive and well directed, and her mind was, by nature, strong and discriminating. In short, she was what she still continues to be, a most extraordinary woman. After the elopement of her husband, she sank into the lowest stage of melancholy and despair, and became, at last so entirely lunatic, that they were obliged to confine

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her in a mad house. The house in which she lived, and its contents, were sold for her benefit, and enough was realized to afford her a suitable subsistence. After she had been confined for many months, her malady appeared to have settled down to occasional fits of melancholy, and the physician gave it as his opinion, that she would never be much better nor much worse, unless some extraordinary circumstance should occur to arouse her half torpid faculties. He also said, that he thought the best way would be to permit her to enjoy her liberty, and wander where she would, keeping an occasional eye on her. She was accordingly set at liberty, and has been leading this wandering kind of life ever since. When her clothes become shabby and out of order, she returns to the village, and has them repaired, or procures new ones, as her means are now more than amply sufficient for her support in her present way of life. Strange as it may appear, it is nevertheless true, that during the whole period of her derangement, she never let fall one word or sentence from which any thing could be gathered concerning her early history. The name by which she passed, whether it be her true one or not, was Isabella Jones. She now goes about from house to house, a wandering mendicant for food, and has assumed the trade of fortune telling, at which, some say, she is astonishingly expert. But what can be her busi-

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ness with you?" "That I know no more about than you do. In despite of myself, fate seems to be in a merry mood with me, and to be throwing a veil of mystery around me which I am unable to rend asunder. It is distressing to my feelings, and perplexing to my mind, and when or how it is to end I know not."

This conversation had brought us to the door of Major Johnson's, where, to my utter astonishment, I again beheld Bell Jones, who screamed out, addressing herself to me, "again you are delivering yourself up to misery and wretchedness—again you are seeking your own ruin; beware—beware—beware; we shall soon meet again." These words corresponding so closely with those in the notes, I was assured that this unaccountable woman knew the source whence they came, and was ordering Cato to arrest her, when I was prevented by Willowby, who said, "it would only be useless trouble to detain her, because if she does not choose to answer you, all the torments you could inflict on her would never compel her to do so; and at any rate, if you wish to see her, you can have her brought to the camp, where you can question her much more to your satisfaction than you could do here, without alarming the family." I assented to the propriety of what he said, and was assisted to enter the house.

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The next morning I was seated in my tent, examining some maps and plans, when, hearing a noise near me, I looked up and beheld Bell Jones, the Fortune Teller, standing before me. Her dress was now entirely different from that in which I had before seen her, and her whole deportment and appearance were more majestic and commanding. She had on a dark coloured wrapper, with a girdle around her waist, fastened by a clasp in front. On her head was a bonnet or hat, more resembling a man's hat than a bonnet, and her long gray hair floated in wild profusion around her person. Her face was more expressive than formerly, and her eye was lighted up as if she had some great and important object in view, to effect which, all her powers of body and mind must be exerted. On her feet were boots which laced above her ancle, and altogether her appearance was more neat than I had seen it.

Looking me full in the face, she said, "Lieutenant Upton, you have declared that you wished to see and speak with me; I stand before you, and am prepared to answer; you have threatened me with punishment—I am here, but not to suffer; you wished to have me arrested—I am here, here in your tent, in the midst of your troops; what would you with me?" I could not help feeling awed and abashed by her appearance and manner; but I determined to soothe her if possible, and by

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that means win from her the information I wished to obtain. "I have heard much," said I, "of your sagacity in telling fortunes, and of your knowledge of future events. I wish you to tell me my fortune." She now approached nearer to me, and raising the hair from my forehead with her cold, skinny, and withered hand, she gazed on my face as if she would read my inmost and most secret thoughts. Then turning from me, she sank into a chair, and covering her face with both her hands, she sat silent and motionless for a considerable time. At length, raising herself up to the full height of her tall person, she answered—"You are endeavouring to deceive me, but you cannot; the attempt is vain; it is not given to you to know the secrets of the book of fate. I am forbidden to disclose them to you; but of the past and of the present I am permitted to speak, and to speak boldly."

At this moment, a sealed note dropped on my table, and startled me by its fall; I hastily snatched it up, and found its contents to be as follows:

"To Lieut. Charles Upton.

"Listen to the words of Bell Jones; profit by them, and be wise; you may suppose her to be a maniac, but depend on it, she acts under the influence and direction of powers far beyond your reach or comprehension; you cannot harm her, if you make the attempt; therefore

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be patient, and lend your ear seriously and attentively to what she will say to you. I repeat again —be wise, be virtuous, and be happy; or, beware —beware—beware. MENTOR."

How this note could have come on my table, I was puzzled even to conjecture; that it did not come from Bell Jones, I was confident, because my eye was on her at the moment it fell, and she was then motionless and still; that it had not been thrown in at the front of my tent, I was equally certain, because I sat directly opposite to the opening, and must have seen any one who could have thrown it. It seemed to have fallen from above, and I hastily turned my eyes upwards to see whether there was an aperture through which it could have been by any means thrust, but all was closed as usual; and I sat, amazed, astonished, and at a loss what to do or say.

The silence was broken by Bell Jones, who exclaimed, "Well done, my trusty coadjutor—you have performed your duty faithfully." "You vile hag, you know then from whence this infamous scrawl comes," said I. "I do," was her calm and decided reply. "Then inform me instantly, or I will pistol you on the spot where you now stand," said I. "Ho—ho—ho—" shouted Bell, with an air of disdain and scorn. "Think you I fear you—think you I would have trusted myself here in your tent—think you I would have

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bearded the lion in his den—had I not known that he had no power to harm me? Read your note again, and you will see that the attempt were futile."

I now snatched up one of my pistols, with an intention of discharging it in a direction towards her, but too elevated to injure her or any other person. She saw my motion, and again shouted aloud, "Ho—ho—ho; right, most noble Lieutenant—why do you not fire and gain credit, renown, and promotion, by murdering a maniac woman in your tent—fire, Lieutenant Upton, fire, and murder me if you can." "Tell me from whom, and from whence, the billets I have received came, or by all that's sacred, I will tear your heart from your body, and cast it to the dogs." "Never," said she, at the same time assuming a tone and attitude wild, ferocious, and commanding—"never—the powers above forbid it; and rather than disobey them, I would tear my tongue from my mouth, and place it in your hand, or rip my heart from out my body, and lay it at your feet; for even then you could not read my secret, as my tongue would never speak, and the thoughts of my heart never could be penetrated." "Give me the information I desire, or, by Heavens, I'll lay you lifeless on the earth, and there spurn upon you, for what you are, a most vile, foul witch," I exclaimed, in an agony of anxiety, and I may say,

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dread. "Ay, good Lieutenant," said she, "do fire on a woman—on a poor, defenceless, maniac woman, as you are pleased to call her—do lay her lifeless on the earth, and spurn and spit upon her as a vile, foul witch—do, like an angry dog, snap at the hand that attempts to feed him—do, stop the pulsation of that heart which beats with no feelings towards you, but those of kindness and affection—do consign to everlasting silence that tongue which would speak to you of honour, of truth, of happiness, and of fame; and then rush headlong to ruin, infamy, disgrace, and wretchedness. But beware—beware—beware. There is a serpent in your path, upon which if you tread, it will sting you to the death."

This she said with a manner and voice, which almost appeared to be that of inspiration—which awed and abashed me. But my anger soon overcame my other feelings, and raising myself on my feet, and presenting my pistol towards her, I exclaimed, in a fierce and furious manner, "give me the information I seek this moment, or, by the powers you serve, it is your last." "I fear you not," was her reply, looking me full in the face, and never moving a muscle. Provoked by her coolness, I snapped my pistol, but it missed fire; I then tried the other, but with as little success; and my sword not being within my reach, I called aloud for the guard.

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She instantly stepped to the entrance of the tent, and said to the guard, "You are not wanted; I have handed to the Lieutenant what he wishes to have;" then turning suddenly towards me, she unclasped the girdle that bound her waist, threw back her wrapper, and discovered in a belt beneath it a brace of pistols and a dagger! Approaching me nearer, she said, "my hand is withered, but it yet is stout; my heart is almost broken, but it yet is resolute; my pistols are more sure than yours, and my dagger is obedient to my hand. Call not again on your guard, or by the evil powers *you* serve, that call shall be *your* last." I now examined my pistols, and found that the flints were out, and that the loads had been drawn. Overcome by my contending feelings, I sank into my chair, with my head resting on my hands on the table, and my face covered.

"Hear me, young man," continued Bell, "hear me, and be wise. You are rushing to ruin and disgrace, and I have undertaken the task, and will save you from it, in despite of yourself. Your visits to Mrs. Kaulderston must be discontinued, and you must cease to see her, unless it be by accident." "What," said I, "shall I curb my inclinations, and circumscribe my pleasures, because a maniac raves? never, no never. I will visit Mrs. Kaulderston as usual, though all hell should be leagued against me." "Means must and will

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be found to prevent it," replied she. "In my breast the current of the passions has long since ceased to flow, and I can look on your actions calmly, coolly, and dispassionately; but in your bosoms the current flows rapidly and fiercely. 'Twas but the other day, in her music room, when you thought no eye but the eye of God beheld you, you took her hand, and pressed it to your bosom, and she withdrew it not until you released it. See you not, young man, that a dangerous and fatal passion is growing up between you—that you are estranging her affections from where they are due; and all for what? to render her and yourself miserable, and perhaps to reduce her at last, to what I now am, a wretched, wandering maniac. Think you, that when you had brought her to a level with the vicious—when she is shunned by the virtuous and the good, and excluded from their society—think you that she could then love you? no—no! she would heap curses, 'not loud, but deep,' on your head, as the fell destroyer of her virtue and of her peace. Let my words sink deep into your breast; think of them, ruminate over them, and believe them not to be mine, but those of that power which could take from you all ability to injure me."

I had remained with my eyes fixed on the ground, in deep attention, while she was speaking,

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but now no longer hearing her voice, I raised my head, and she was gone.

When I discovered that Bell Jones had disappeared from my tent without having been perceived by me, I limped to the door of the tent, aided by my stick, and inquired from the sentinel which way the old fortune teller had gone. He looked at me with astonishment, and replied, "I thought she was yet in the tent, as I did not see her come out." I returned into my tent, wearied and perplexed, and threw myself on my bed, giving at the same time full scope to my wandering thoughts. How could the letter have fallen on my table? how could my pistols have been rendered useless? and last, but most perplexing of all, how could Bell Jones have disappeared from my tent without having been observed by any one? how could she know that I had pressed the hand of Mrs. Kaulderston in the music room? All—all was to me incomprehensible, and thought only served to distract me the more. The Fortune Teller had, however, placed my visits to Mrs. Kaulderston in a point of view, that to me was new, but forcible; and I believe I should at once have abandoned her society, as I confess that she had made an impression on me of which I was not before aware, had not my pride come to my relief. What! said I, shall it be said of me that I have been scared from visiting a virtuous woman, by the rant of a

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reputed maniac; and the juggling tricks of some contemptible cheat?—never—never. I will visit Mrs. Kaulderston as usual, for some time longer; and then, if I am not molested by these cheating knaves, I will forever abandon her society. Being somewhat calmed by this resolution, I sank to sleep, and slept soundly for more than an hour.

When I awoke, I went towards the table for the purpose of reloading my pistols, in order to be ready for any other disagreeable visiters who might be disposed to molest me. When I reached the table, you can better judge of my surprise than I can describe it, when I found the flints restored, and the barrels loaded with powder and ball, and both pistols well primed. I called the sentinel, and inquired of him if any one had been in my tent since Bell Jones had been missing from it? "I have been asleep," said I, carelessly, "and I now find the situation of some of my things changed." "I can swear to you," replied the sentinel, "that no mortal foot has entered your tent since you inquired about the old Fortune Teller."

When I was left alone, "Heavens," I exclaimed, "is there a magic circle drawn around me? and am I to be the sport of some invisible power, that seems to be acquainted with my every thought and action? If I can by no means penetrate the veil that hangs over me, I will seek refuge from

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my tormentors by flight; and yet to fly were cowardly; to fly from what? from something that I know not. No evil yet has reached me, and why should I yield to the mere apprehension of it?"

Shortly after these occurrences, I was invited to a party, given by Mrs. Kaulderston to the officers of the division, at which a number of ladies were expected to be present. I ordered Cato to bring out the chaise, and we were soon on our road to the cottage. Just as we were entering the grounds which surrounded it, the awful words, "beware—beware—beware," assailed my ears, and I saw the large black dog, which belonged to Bell Jones, run across the road; but I could see nothing of her. Her warning, however, for I was confident that it proceeded from her, did not seem to elevate my spirits for the approaching entertainments. During the evening some dancing took place, and after it had ceased, fruit and other refreshments were handed round. Mrs. Kaulderston was seated alone, somewhat apart from the company, looking sad and melancholy. I crossed the room, and seating myself by her side, I felt the same kind of melancholy creeping upon me, as if I had caught the contagion, merely by approaching her. "Madam," said I, "you have fatigued yourself too much by your exertions to entertain your company, and it has produced an evident depression of spirits." "It is not that, sir," said she,

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"because I am not in the least fatigued, but I feel a deep, and awful apprehension of something, and I know not what; and for which I can assign no reason nor cause." "Then look up and behold the cause," exclaimed Bell Jones, in her peculiar tone of voice, "I have put the spell upon you. And you, young man," she continued, turning on me a withering look, "you will not listen to the voice of reason, nor the warnings of friendship, but pursue your headlong course, until you shall be irretrievably plunged in misery, and your heart steeped in sorrow. I have warned you—I have reasoned with you—but your stubborn impetuosity has set all at defiance. I now again warn you, in the presence of this lady; ay, and warn this lady, too, to beware of ruin before it is too late. I believe you both yet to be innocent; but beware of even a temptation to be otherwise—beware—beware—beware."

Mrs. Kaulderston was exceedingly alarmed at this sudden intrusion, and strange address; and said, with every nerve trembling, "Will no one turn the frantic woman from the room? a woman who dares thus assail me in my own house, with insults and reproaches." I arose, and was about to lay hands on Bell, when she stepped back, and unclasping her girdle, again displayed her pistols, and her dagger in her belt. Drawing one of her pistols, and cocking it, she exclaimed, with a frantic shriek that thrilled my very soul, "now let's see

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who, with impunity, will lay hands on Bell Jones. If one be found who is bold enough to dare the attempt, be the consequences on his own rash head. Upton, stand back—I would not willingly harm you—but as you value your immortal soul, lay not your hand on me."

"I'll lay my hands upon you, if you are the devil," said Shuter, the trumpeter of my regiment, who had been invited to the party, "and from this room you shall go, and no longer interrupt the pleasure of this good company." "From this room I will go," replied Bell Jones, "but not until the time to me seems fitting. Come not nearer to me, or I will put a spell upon you that shall lay you senseless at my feet. I know you, Shuter, and I know you by another and a prouder name than that. Come not nearer to me, for I had rather have an adder coiling its poisonous folds around my heart, than meet thy touch, which is contamination."

Shuter recoiled from her with dread, as her manner was lofty, commanding, and majestic, and her voice appeared to pierce like an arrow to his heart. Shuter, however, recovered himself in a few moments, and again advanced a step or two towards her, saying, "I never yet have quailed before mortal man, and why should I shrink from you, who are but mortal." Then again advancing, Bell Jones screamed out in a voice that made me

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shudder—"Hold, hold, I charge ye hold!" Then stepping back a few paces, and lifting the hair from her forehead, she continued in the same tone of voice—"see'st thou not in me, one whose sight should blast thee; one whose voice should wither up thy heart, and whose wrongs should sink thy blackened soul, despairing, into hell? The scorpions of conscience have so long nestled around *my* heart, and gnawed at it, that it has become callous and insensible; but as for you, I thought the very sight of me, and of what *you* have made me, would have caused you to expect the earth to gape beneath thy feet, and swallow such a monster up. Here, here," said she, "here tell your story—tell it to your Lieutenant and to this lady; it might prove to them a most instructive lesson, although it would prove thee a blacker villain than e'er before thy time blackened God's creation. Aye! well may'st thou sigh and groan; it were well if that could save you from 'the deep damnation' of your perfidious deeds. Yes, here, here, tell to your Lieutenant and to Mrs. Kaulderston, the story of the means by which I was allured from my allegiance to an honourable husband, and sunk to what I now am. Sunk I am truly; but it glads my heart to know that I am yet far, far superior to thee, thou vile, odious, and crawling creature. I yet have maintained

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my independence; you have sunk into a slave—a mere beast of burden."

Every one, even Shuter, had remained silent and motionless during this frenzied speech of Bell's, awaiting, in mute astonishment, the catastrophe. Bell now stood with her hands before her eyes, in deep and silent meditation. Suddenly, arousing herself, as if from a trance, and turning to Mrs. Kaulderston and myself, she said, "now learn a lesson, and see how easily vice may be blasted and laid prostrate. Ho, ho," shouted she, "now for my spell;" and approaching Shuter, she whispered something in his ear, too low for us to hear, when he exclaimed, "Gracious God! can it be possible?" "I swear it to you by all the powers above us," said she, "and when was Bell Jones known to be guilty of falsehood, even without an oath?" Shuter's eyes now grew dim—he tottered, staggered backwards a few paces, and fell senseless on the floor. She followed him, and placing one foot on his prostrate body, and casting around her a look of pride, she exclaimed—"now—now I am revenged; I trample upon him who once boasted of being my conqueror. Here, young man," continued she, addressing me, "observe this, and avoid a fate like that of the wretch now beneath my feet." Saying this, she strided towards the door, retaining in her hand the pistol she had drawn from her girdle, and fol-

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lowed by her dog, who, during the scene I have described, remained crouching near her feet. When she had reached the door, she exclaimed, "who shall force Bell Jones to go until she is prepared; or who will detain her when she is ready to depart?" Thus saying, she closed the door after her, and disappeared.

Mrs. Kaulderston was nearly fainting, so much had she been alarmed and agitated by the scene that had just passed before us. The ladies, however, paid attention to, and soon recovered her. Shuter was carried out of the room, and was, after some time, brought to himself; but he remained silent, pensive, and melancholy. I told him, that if he wished it, he might now return to the camp; but he declined doing so, until I should be ready to go. When I returned to the music room, I found all propensity to mirth banished from the company; and the gentlemen crowded around me, with eager anxiety to gain some clue by which to form an opinion of the strange transactions of the evening. I, however, could give them none, and all remained in perplexity and doubt. The company separated at an early hour, and I returned to camp, and retired to bed, but not to repose. My feelings had been so much agitated by the transactions of the last few days, that slumber fled from my eyes, and I arose before day break, without having been refreshed or rested.

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The next day, as the wound in my thigh was very nearly well, I determined to attempt to ride to Johnson's on horseback, and accordingly had Rapid brought out at the appointed hour. After arriving at the house, I was induced by the Major's daughter, to take a short walk in the garden. On returning to the house, we beheld a lusty and robust man standing near the door, waiting for us. When we reached him, he bowed respectfully, and said, "Ladies, do you wish to purchase any prints or caricatures? I have some very good ones, that I am sure will please you, if you will only look at them." "Let us look at them at any rate," said I; "they will serve to amuse us at least, and we can compensate the man for his trouble, if we do not wish to purchase." The printseller was invited into the house, where he opened his port folio, and exhibited some very fine drawings, some of which the ladies purchased to copy from. After some time, he called the attention of Mrs. Kaulderston and myself, who were standing together, to a smaller port-folio which he had opened at the window, and which he said contained some very superior prints and original sketches. We had been examining them for some time, when I was startled by beholding a series of sketches, representing every scene that had passed between Mrs. Kaulderston and myself, from the time of our first meeting. Turning in a passion to the print-

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seller, I seized him by the collar with the only hand I could use, and shaking him, demanded how he dared exhibit such sketches to me, and from whence they came? "There are no offensive sketches there that I know of," said the apparently frightened printseller; "if I had thought that there were any improper or offensive ones among them," continued he, at the same time turning them over, "I would not have shown them; but I see none such as you allude to." "You lie, you rascal," exclaimed I, again shaking him, "you must know the sketches I allude to, from the very strong likenesses they contain of this lady and myself." "I have no such prints," said the man, "and I will not be called a liar, and dragged about in this way without any cause."—Saying this, he extricated himself from me, with a violence which made me reel against the wall, as I was yet weak.

Major Johnson, who had been engaged with some papers at the other end of the room, now interfered, and inquired into the cause of the quarrel. The picture dealer replied, "the gentleman complained of my having exhibited to him some sketches, which contained likenesses of himself and that lady. Now, sir, I assert that I have no such sketches in either of my port-folios, and I defy the gentleman to find any such as he has described." Astonished at his assurance, I went

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immediately to the port-folio, and commenced searching for them in the middle of his collection, where I had seen them; but there they were not now to be found. I then began at the beginning, and turned over the prints and sketches one by one, but could find nothing of them. I then examined the port folio, but every thing about that also appeared to be right; I then looked out of the window, and on the floor, but no such sketches were to be found; the other port-folio was also examined, but with as little success. I then accused him of having concealed them. "Where could I have concealed them?" inquired the man; "I have not been three feet from you since you say you saw them, and that I have them not about my person I will soon convince you." He pulled off his coat, turned his pockets inside out, unbuttoned his waistcoat, and completely satisfied us that they were not about his person.

"Gracious Heavens!" I exclaimed, "have my eyes turned traitors to me, and am I no longer to trust to my own senses. Mrs. Kaulderston, did you not see the sketches?" "I saw them plainly and distinctly," said Mrs. Kaulderston, "but what has become of them, I cannot imagine." The man was now directed to put up his things, and depart; whilst he was doing so, I said to him, "I advise you to keep out of my way, as I am convinced that you are an impostor. Although you

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have escaped me this time, you may not come off so well the next." "I am not in the habit of turning out of my way for any one," replied the print-seller, "and certainly shall not do it for Lieutenant Upton, however highly he may value his prowess in the presence of ladies."

I was approaching to chastise the fellow for his impudence, when Major Johnson stepping before me, said, "take up your things, sir, and begone, or I will see whether I cannot chastise you, for daring to insult a gentleman who is my guest, and in my house." The scoundrel picked up his portfolios, and looking at me with a chuckling laugh, and making a mock bow, he withdrew. We were now summoned to the dinner table, and when seated, our conversation turned principally upon our adventure with the picture dealer, and many shrewd conjectures were formed as to the manner in which the sketches could have been conveyed away, but without coming to any conclusion.

Several months now passed away, without my being annoyed by the Fortune Teller, when an occurrence took place, which again introduced her to my notice, and decided my future conduct as to Mrs. Kaulderston. I was dinning at the house of Colonel Lee, the father of a young, beautiful, and amiable lady, who had attracted a good deal of my attention. The Colonel, during dinner, said but little, but when the cloth was removed, and Mrs.

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Lee had withdrawn, he was sprightly and entertaining, relating to me many anecdotes of the war, which I had never before heard, and which were truly interesting. When I proposed to withdraw from the table, the old gentleman would by no means hear of it, and I was obliged to remain with him, contrary to my inclinations, as I was by no means accustomed to drinking wine. Captain Lee, his son, was also in fine spirits, and proved a most agreeable companion, and the hours passed away pleasantly, until it was time for me to return home, as I proposed calling at Mrs. Kaulderston's, and also at Johnson's, before I arrived at the camp. It was with difficulty that I could get away from the old Colonel, who invited me most cordially to call on him, whenever I should be in his neighbourhood. Being mounted on my black, I bade the Captain farewell, and was soon at Mrs. Kaulderston's.

A servant took my horse, when seeing nobody about the door, I walked first into the parlour, and then into the music room, without finding any one. Still feeling the wine I had drank at Col. Lee's, I threw myself down on a sopha, and soon fell asleep. In about half an hour I was awakened by some one entering the room, and half opening my eyes, I beheld Mrs. Kaulderston in a most bewitching undress, which rather shaded than concealed her person. Not knowing that I was in the

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house, she did not at once perceive me, and when she did, she started, and looked astonished. Thinking me to be yet asleep, she came to the sopha, and gazed on me for some time, with an appearance of interest which I could not account for. At length she exclaimed, "Heavens! how calmly he sleeps, and how beautiful is his face; he is dreaming—see, the colour mounts to his cheek, and a soft and gentle smile plays around his mouth. How serenely does he now repose, and but yesterday he was engaged in mortal strife. Oh, God! had it pleased you to have granted me a husband such as he is, how blessed could I have lived in youth, and how serenely could I have sunk to repose in the evening of life. But to be compelled to give my hand where my heart could not follow, and to be linked for life to a man like Kaulderston, between whose disposition and my own there is no more affinity than between fire and water—oh! it was horrible. His high, bold forehead indicates the nobleness and bravery of his heart, and the shining ringlets that curl around it, only serve to shade its beauty—I will remove them."

As she said this, she passed her hand over my forehead, and drew aside my hair. Her touch inflamed me, already heated with wine, and losing all recollection, I passed my arm around her waist, and drew her along side of me on the sopha.

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I glued my lips to hers, and was lost to every feeling but that of the moment. She struggled to escape from me, and in the struggle, the fastening of her dress gave way, and exposed her neck and bosom to me, which I covered with glowing, burning kisses. At length, fired with indignation, she burst from me, and as she darted on me the most reproachful, and contemptuous glances, she exclaimed, "I have hitherto thought Lieutenant Upton to be a soldier and a gentleman; but I find I have been mistaken. You have, however, sir, opened my eyes, and taught me a lesson I shall not readily forget. Have you the vanity to think that I have sunk so low as to become a wanton, for the dalliance and amusement of your leisure hours? You shall find yourself mistaken, sir. However indiscreet I may have been, I never have, nor never will cease to be virtuous. Remain until I return, and then hear me."

She left the room, and I remained, stupefied, and astonished at my own temerity, which had, perhaps, lost me the good opinion of a woman I really valued, and under other circumstances, could have loved. I did not remain long in suspense, for Mrs. Kaulderston soon returned, dressed neatly, but not with her usual care, and the blush of indignation yet burning on her cheek. She seated herself with great formality, at some distance from me, and looked at me with an air aus-

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tere and reproachful, and appeared to be hesitating how to commence a conversation with me. "Mrs. Kaulderston," said I, "forgive, I beseech you, a transgression proceeding from the madness of the moment alone, and not from any want of respect for you. To-morrow I shall leave you, perhaps never to meet again, and do not let us part in anger. Even on my knees will I solicit for pardon and forgiveness, unless I can obtain it otherwise." "Answer me one question, candidly, sir; and I then shall know what course I have to pursue. Were you awake when I entered the room, and did you overhear what I said?" "You awakened me by opening the door," I replied, "and I overheard the whole of your conversation." "Then, sir, in order to justify myself, I must make you the confidant of my unhappy story, whatever pain the relation of it may cost me.

"There is a mystery hanging around me, which from my infancy up to this hour I have never been able to unravel. The first recollection I have of myself, is when I was with a farmer's family, in moderate circumstances, where I remained until I was about seven years old. I considered them as my parents at the time, and they treated me with all the kindness and affection of a child. When I first learned that I was in no way related to the honest farmer's family, and that I was to be

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removed from them to a boarding school, I was distressed beyond measure. I never had beheld the countenance of a parent beaming upon me with the smile of affection, nor felt a parent's lip press mine with all the warmth of parental love. No—I was a wretched outcast, desolate and unknown. Should a parent ever claim me, in all probability he could only claim me as the child of guilt and shame.

"When I had been at the boarding school for some years, I first learned that I had a protector, who was unknown even to my teacher, but who provided for me with a profusion and liberality, which showed him evidently to be a man of fortune. My time passed away without a sorrow, except that occasioned by the uncertainty of my parentage, until I had attained the age of nineteen. The amount of my tuition money and boarding, together with a most liberal allowance of pocket money, was regularly remitted every quarter, and I was enabled to appear in a style far superior to any of the boarders at the school. When I had attained the age of sixteen, Colonel Kaulderston made his first appearance at the boarding school, and delivered letters to my tutoress, the contents of which I was never able to ascertain, although I repeatedly importuned her to inform me, as I was well convinced from circumstances that they had relation to myself. After the delivery of these

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letters, Kaulderston had free access to the school, and was marked and particular in his attentions to me. He was, however, a man by no means calculated to captivate my fancy, or to touch my heart; he was much older than myself, cold, phlegmatic, and calculating in his disposition, and though fond of ostentation, sometimes insufferably mean about the most contemptible trifles.

"Our intercourse continued for some time, he becoming every day more particular in his attentions, and more ardent in his addresses, until at last he made his proposals, which I rejected, in the mildest terms I could invent to convey any meaning. When he heard my rejection, he burst into a fit of the most ungovernable rage, and stormed and raved, until he foamed at the mouth. The governess of the academy hearing his exclamations, came into the parlour, and led him out. The next morning he came to me, and made a thousand apologies for conduct so extraordinary, and attributed the whole of it to his despair at the idea of losing me. I told him that his conduct had certainly not been calculated to increase either my esteem or respect for him, and that my determination was yet the same that I had already announced to him.

"After some farther conversation, he left me, and I saw nothing more of him for several months, when he again returned, with letters for the gover-

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ness, and one for me, without either date or signature. I opened it, and found it to be from him who had so long contributed to all my wants. In it I was urged, in the strongest terms, to accept the addresses of Kaulderston, who was represented to be a man of unexceptionable character and great wealth; I was also indirectly threatened with unpleasant consequences, in case I persisted in my refusal of him. All this had no effect on me, as I was determined never to marry Kaulderston, if I could by any means avoid it. He remained in the neighbourhood about a month, and then left me, as I fondly hoped, for ever. But, alas! in a short time he returned, and brought with him a letter, couched in terms that never will be effaced from my memory, and which were as follows:—

"'To Miss Juliette Monroe.

"'Know, thou degenerate daughter of a depraved mother, that this comes from the hand of him who was so unfortunate as to be the husband of your mother, and who has supported and maintained you up to the present moment. I command you, as you value a parent's blessing, and deprecate his curse, to accept the hand of my friend, Kaulderston. I inform you, as I have informed the governess, that in case of your refusal to comply with my wishes, and with what will conduce to your own happiness, I at once abandon you to your fate, and from that period, you must

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expect neither favour, protection, nor support, from me.—I want obedience, but no reply.'

"The letter had evidently been written by an agitated and trembling hand, and its contents almost struck me dumb. I saw no choice before me, but to wed Kaulderston, or be thrown like a wretched outcast on the world, without parents, without connections, and without a friend. I, however, determined to procrastinate my fate a little longer, and as I had amassed a considerable sum of money by my savings, out of my quarterly allowance, I determined to subsist on that, until I could place myself in some situation in which I could gain an honest livelihood.

"Shortly after this, my quarter day arrived, but no remittances were received; I then concluded that I was abandoned to my fate, like a wretch who is undeserving of even the world's cold charity. I wept incessantly whenever I thought of that refinement on cruelty, which could educate me in ease, affluence, and splendour, only to abandon me afterwards to poverty, and the world's contempt. I had for some time ceased to take lessons, and had only my board to pay for, and my clothes to provide, but I nevertheless beheld my little stock of money fast decreasing, and poverty staring me in the face in despite of all my economy.

"One of the teachers was now about to leave

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the academy, and I applied to the governess for her situation, but found that the malice of my fate had even here been beforehand with me. The governess informed me that she had been expressly directed by my protector not to give me employment, and to afford me shelter no longer than my money lasted. This was a thunderbolt to me, as I had all along calculated on being employed in the academy when a vacancy occurred. I then applied for a situation in several other academies, but I suspect that my letters were intercepted, as I never received an answer to any of them.

"Some time after this, when my stock of cash had diminished to a few dollars, and I was almost frantic with the thoughts of the fate I perceived to be impending over me, Kaulderston again made his appearance, and his manner was so melancholy, and yet so respectful, tender and kind, that it served in some degree to alter my opinion of him. In the most delicate way, he offered me the use of his purse, although I knew him to be penurious, and even went so far as to tender me a settlement of an annuity of five hundred dollars, so long as I should remain unmarried. Both these offers I rejected, although the latter would have placed me above want, and rendered me comfortable. But I could not think of receiving pecuniary obligations, wretched as my situation was, from a man whose hand I had so repeatedly refused. Won,

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however, somewhat by his respectful kindness and evident attachment to me, and followed up by the persuasions of the governess, I at length consented, with a tear and many a sigh, to become his wife.

"Never shall I forget the awful night that made me his. Had Kaulderston been a man of nice feelings and discernment, he would have perceived my too evident reluctance; but he was not calculated to excite, nor did he expect from me a passion, warm, glowing and enthusiastic, as my heart was formed to feel, for one who had a soul to appreciate my sentiments. We were married at the academy; when they were adorning me with bridal ornaments, I felt like a victim they were decking out for sacrifice; and when I ascended the marriage bed, I felt not like a gay and joyous bride, but like an eastern widow, ascending the funeral pile of her departed husband; my pillow was moistened with tears, and sighs and groans were my serenade.

"Immediately after our marriage, Kaulderston handed me a deed, which placed at my absolute disposal the sum of ten thousand dollars; he took me soon afterwards to the metropolis, where we lived in great splendour. But I was not happy; there was an aching void in my heart, which Kaulderston was not able to fill up, although his conduct was then, and has since continued to be, kind, considerate, and affectionate. When he joined the

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army, I removed to this cottage, where I have ever since remained.

"Do not think, sir, that I have given you this narration, for the purpose of rendering my husband less respectable in your estimation. On the contrary, sir, the object is entirely different—it is to let you know that my unguarded expressions in the music room did not proceed from any improper attachment I had formed for you, but from a regret that my destiny had not been united to a man whose disposition, manners and pursuits were more congenial with my own than those of Kaulderston. My vows, sir, have been given in the presence of my God, to Kaulderston, and shall remain inviolate; such attachment, gratitude, respect, and love, as I *can* give him, he shall always receive.

"A few words more, and I have done. For this offence I pardon you; but I beg of you to recollect, that if at any time hereafter there is an approach to a recurrence of a scene like the past, my doors are from that moment closed against you forever. My manners, sir, may perhaps be more frank, open, and free, than suits the times, but it proceeds from a guileless and guiltless heart, and from having mixed but little with the world. Let us now leave the subject; and I request that not the slightest allusion may ever be made to it, or to my story."

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I thanked her for having so kindly forgiven my offence—promised never again to repeat it—and assured her that my respect had been greatly increased by her candid and generous manner towards me. It being now nearly dark, I bade adieu to Mrs. Kaulderston, and rode off.

As I was proceeding slowly forward, pondering on the past, and building castles in the air for the future, my horse suddenly started, when looking up, I beheld Bell Jones and her black dog standing before me. "What want you with me now, you hag," exclaimed I, "that you thus interrupt me in my passage?" "It is befitting that Charles Upton should accost me thus," replied Bell; "it is befitting that he should regard me with a lip of pride, and eye of scorn. I say, it is befitting that Charles Upton should do all this, when he can lay his hand upon his own heart, and say, *I am innocent?*" "What mean you by a rhapsody like this?" said I; "speak plainly and intelligibly, or give way and let me pass." "Can Charles Upton ask me to speak more plainly than I have done? can he call my words a rhapsody, when even at the moment he is speaking, the burning blush of shame and disgrace has not yet left his cheek?" "Infamous wretch," exclaimed I, "you who deal with the devil, or some of his infernal agents, tell me plainly what you mean, or I will shoot you dead on the spot." "Upton," she again replied,

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raising her withered hand and arm, "Upton, your threats are not only vain, but they are unmanly; to threaten an infirm old woman who has so repeatedly told you that she fears you not, does not become the gallant soldier." "If my words or actions offend you, I say again, give way, and let me pass. I sought you not; I wish for no communion with you. See you not that the dark black clouds have gathered in the heavens, and hear you not the thunder that now rumbles over our heads? Good Bell, do let me pass, for I am in haste, and would not willingly harm you." "Now look you there," said Bell, with a haughty laugh; "now it is '*good* Bell, do let me pass;' a few moments ago, it was 'tell me plainly, or I will shoot you dead.' Once more, Charles Upton, I tell you, here, in the presence of high heaven, I tell you, that I fear neither threats nor injuries from you I now pity; do not make me despise you. I see the dark black clouds, and I hear the rumbling of the distant thunder, but that moves not me. Do *you* remain, and after having disregarded my warnings, hear the power above us speak to you in a voice of thunder. It will do you good—it will chase away that crimson blush of shame, and cause your cheek to assume the ashier hue of fear and guilt. Your actions have offended not me only, but they have offended heaven—look to it." "What have been my actions,

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that have so highly offended heaven and you?—name them." As I spoke, a sudden flash of lightning illumined all around us, and a tremendous crash of thunder pealed over our heads. My horse became scared, and I thought he would have plunged over the old woman, but she adroitly caught him by the rein, and held him. "Do you not see and hear that?" said Bell; "it is the indignation of the Omnipotent bursting forth, that you should dare to ask, 'what have I done to offend heaven?' when the moisture of Mrs. Kaulderston's lip is not yet dry on your own. You may deceive yourself, young man, but the all-seeing eye above us you can never deceive; it watches—it sees you; your every word and action is marked and noted—and a dark account you will have to answer too, unless your career is turned in time." "Is it possible, Bell, that you know any thing of what occured at Mrs. Kaulderston's this afternoon, or have you by a vague surmise hit on something to alarm my fears?" "Is it possible that I know *any thing?*" replied Bell; "I know all—I know the hour, aye, the very moment you arrived at Mrs. Kaulderston's. I know of your lying on the sopha—of your pretended sleep, and of Mrs. Kaulderston's entering the room in a loose and voluptuous undress—I know of her removing the hair from your forehead—I know—" "Enough, enough," said I, interrupting her; "Bell, you

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have conquered me; by some strange fatality you have gained an ascendancy over my fate, and I must submit to it. What would you have me do?" "Abandon Mrs. Kaulderston's society for ever, and marry Harriot Lee," was Bell's prompt reply. "You, who seem to know every thing," said I, "appear, in this instance, to have forgotten that to-morrow I leave here for my father's." "I have forgotten nothing," replied Bell, "you intended to start to-morrow—you think even now that you will depart at the time you have appointed, but you will not go." "What will prevent me?" I inquired. "Time will discover that," said Bell; "let me again warn you to avoid Mrs. Kaulderston; you have been near falling—the next slip may precipitate you into the gulph." The lightning again flashed around us, and my horse a second time taking fright, wheeled with me, and became very unruly. When I had succeeded in reducing him to obedience, I turned him around, and beheld Bell Jones ascending the hill, among the bushes; and, waving her hand, she shouted, "beware—beware—beware—" and vanished from my sight.

"Strange, mysterious, incomprehensible woman," said I, "how is it possible that you can thus be informed of every thing that concerns me, without possessing more than human knowledge? I will follow your advice—I will quit Mrs. Kaul-

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derston's society, and methinks it will not now be quite so hard a task, since I have seen the lovely Harriot Lee." Large drops of rain now began to fall, and warn me that a shower was near; when giving my horse his head, he swept along at a rapid rate, and I arrived at the camp just as the rain began to pour down in torrents.

Next morning early, all my arrangements were completed for my intended visit to my father's. Having breakfasted, I started to bid farewell to my friends. I rode, in the first place, to Mrs. Kaulderston's. I found her sitting in the parlour, looking somewhat melancholy. "You have come to bid me farewell," said she. "There is always something melancholy in the sound of the word *farewell;* but when we address it to a soldier, it is particularly so. He is subject to so many dangers and vicissitudes, that our chance of seeing him again is greatly diminished." "It is always best," said I, "to look at the bright side of the picture as long as we can, and be prepared for the dark one when we must behold it. I, however, am not now going into danger, but into the midst of my friends." "I shall miss you greatly," said Mrs. Kaulderston, "because I have so few friends and visiters, that one out of the number makes a chasm which is not easily supplied."

I now arose to take my leave, and reached out my hand, which she took with a gentle pressure,

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burst into tears, and left the room. I then mounted my horse and rode to Johnston's. His daughter inquired, the moment she perceived me, if I had received no orders yet, to detain me? "None," I replied. "I have received no orders of any kind, since I received them for the recruiting service." "It is strange," said she; "Bell never has deceived me, and I must yet think that she will not in this instance." "If you talk in this way," said I, "I shall begin to think that you have joined with old Bell. They say that evil spirits do sometimes appear in the form of angels of light." "Here he comes—here he comes"—said she, skipping and clapping her hands. "I thought old Bell would not deceive me." "Who comes there?" inquired her mother. "I believe the girl is losing her senses." "No, I am not, good mother, but here comes Cato, with orders for Upton." We could now all of us perceive Cato coming at full gallop towards us; I having told him, before I left the camp, where I was going to.

When he arrived, "this letter, sir," he said, "came by express, and as I thought you might wish to see it as soon as possible, I galloped over with it. I hope I have done right, sir, as the baggage is all loaded." "You have done perfectly right," said I, "but you may now return and unload the baggage, as I shall, probably, remain in my present quarters a week or more;—and here, Cato," con-

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tinued I, whispering to him, "ride over to Mrs. Kaulderston's, and give her information to that effect." "Pray, tell me when are the court-martial to commence their session?" inquired the major's daughter. "The court-martial!" exclaimed I. "The court-martial! ay, the court-martial!" replied she—"is not that an English word, and intelligible to a soldier?" "But how did you come to know any thing about it," said I, "when I have but this moment received the information, and that by express?" "Why, you must know," replied she, "that I have determined to become a kind of deputy witch, and have entered into an alliance, offensive and defensive, with old Bell Jones, who gave me my information on the present occasion." "Have you any idea in what way the old woman obtains her information?" "I have not," she replied. "She refuses to speak on that subject, and I am content to know that the information I receive from her is invariably correct." I now took my leave, and departed slowly for the camp, confused and perplexed by the strange interest which Bell Jones appeared to take in my affairs, and for which I was in no way able to account.

I now began to be weary of the inactive and monotonous life I was leading, and wished most heartily for the approach of spring, that I might again be engaged in the hurry and bustle of military parade and battle. My troop was complete,

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and my men and horses well trained and disciplined for the time they had been in service. One day, when I was seated alone in my room, at the rendezvous, Shuter came in, with a countenance on which uneasiness and trouble were so plainly depicted, that I could not refrain from asking him at once, what was the matter with him? "Bell Jones is in the village," was his reply. "Are you so poor a soldier," inquired I, "as to permit the arrival of an insane and feeble old woman, to give you real uneasiness? I have known for some time that she was in the neighbourhood, but I fear her not." "You have not the same cause to fear her that I have," said Shuter, "as the interest she takes in your affairs is entirely for your welfare. With me it is different: she has me partially in her power, and I believe she would, if she could, crush and annihilate me."

The sound of his words had scarcely died on my ear, when the door opened, and Bell Jones stood before us, decked out in her wildest and most fantastic attire. She stood with her head erect—her left foot advanced—her right hand resting on her breast, and her left extended towards Shuter. "Your craven heart trembles at last," said she, "and that proud glance of thine, which once, like the eagle's, could behold the sun unmoved, now basely quails to mine—Oh! how it glads my heart to see, and feel, and know how far thou hast sunk

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below the woman on whose affections you once trampled. It gives life and feeling to that cold and withered heart, to know that I am now so far superior to him whose nod was once my command, and whose smile was my best reward, as to make him cringe and tremble before me. But, base man, I will show you the difference between your disposition and my own. I will tell you that my revenge is now satisfied, and that you have nothing to fear from me. From this moment I wish never to see your face again, or hear your name mentioned. Leave me."

Shuter withdrew, evidently embarrassed, and lowered in his own estimation by what Bell had said to him. When he had closed the door after him, turning to Bell, I said, "extraordinary and incomprehensible woman! by what strange means are you thus able to exercise an absolute power and sway over that man, who I know to be brave, to possess a strong understanding, and information far above his present situation?" "Has he not promised to relate our story to you?" asked Bell. "He has promised to do so when the proper hour arrives." I replied. "Be patient, and await the time, then," said Bell. "If I were to speak of it, it would drive me again to raging madness! He is right—the proper time has not yet come." And with these words, she left me.

The period was now fast approaching when the

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mystery connected with the history of Bell Jones, and her interference in my concerns, were about to be developed. It was not, however, from Shuter, as I had been led to expect by her words, that I received the information. That singular man fell in a duel with a stranger, whom, it appeared, he had defrauded at play in a large sum of money, at a former period of his life. I became acquainted with the facts, through the brother of Bell Jones, who served for some time as a volunteer in the company which I commanded. This man, whose real name I could never ascertain, became extremely attached to me, and, in an engagement with the enemy, he lost his life in defending mine. When he lay on the ground, after receiving the fatal wound that terminated his existence, he took my hand, and said, as the blood oozed from his mouth and nostrils, "Captain, let me, whilst breath is left me, say what I wish to say to you. In my pocket you will find the key of my chest, in your tent. If you should survive this fray, and prove victorious, open the chest, and you will discover my will, and a narrative of such particulars of my story, as you are not acquainted with. Be kind to my poor sister, as you will find that I have entrusted her fate to you. Life is ebbing fast from me, but I shall die contented, as I have preserved your life—I am going, Upton—my eyes are dim—I am going—give me your hand—farewell."

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I embraced the earliest opportunity to examine the contents of the chest, which had been consigned to me under such melancholy circumstances. Besides the will mentioned by the deceased, I found the paper containing the narrative, which disclosed the following particulars respecting the eventful life of his unfortunate sister :—

" Bell Jones and Shuter have both assigned to me, my dear Upton, the task of narrating to you the history of their lives. *Speak* of times past I cannot, and have, therefore, determined to *write*, although I too well know that the narrative will be blistered by many a scalding tear. The history of Nichols, Bell Jones, Shuter, and myself, is so intimately blended, that it would be almost impossible to keep them distinct. I shall not therefore attempt it. I have already told you that I have a sister.—She was once beautiful and happy, but is now prematurely old and miserable—Bell Jones is that sister. The father of Nichols, who was a man of accomplished manners and finished education, saw her, and became attached to her ; they were married, and lived happily together ; Heaven blessed this union with three lovely children, two of them boys, and the youngest a girl. Yes—start not when you are informed of it—Nichols is the son, and I the brother of the bewildered Bell Jones.

" Nichols' father was a man possessed of a high

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and punctilious sense of honour, but was somewhat impetuous, always loving or hating in extremes, and thus frequently making himself liable to be imposed on by the designing and dishonest. His property was extensive, and his house open to every one who possessed the appearance and manners of a gentleman. Among the number of his visiters, Shuter, as I shall still continue to call him, although this was not his real name, had gained admittance. He was at that time a man of elegant appearance, and possessed of the most prepossessing and insinuating manners. He soon so completely gained upon the heart of Nichols, that he thought there was not such another friend to be found in the wide world as he had found in Shuter.

"Shuter's establishment was splendid, and his wealth extensive, and he spared neither parade nor expense, to lure his victim into his toils. My sister and her husband were residing at a distance from me and from my father, and we knew but little of what was passing at their house. But at length the damned intelligence came upon us like a thunder stroke, and my cheek even now burns with indignation and shame, when I am forced to write, that my sister eloped with the villain, Shuter, who was the destroyer of her honour.

"I pursued them in every direction, and offered large rewards for information concerning them, with the deadly determination of washing the stain

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from my name and reputation, with their blood. But all was in vain—no trace of even the road they had taken could be obtained, and I never discovered them until I saw them in this neighbourhood. Then, the edge of my passion had worn off, and finding them as I did, the one almost a maniac, and the other degraded to the situation of your trumpeter, I permitted them to live.

"Nichols' father sank into a state of melancholy, from which nothing but the presence of his two boys could ever arouse him. His daughter he sent from him, and never saw her again. His sons grew up, in the once gay, but now gloomy mansion of their father, who frequently remained shut up in his own room for weeks together, pondering over his sorrows, and cursing the treachery of mankind. His eldest son, Alfred, was a youth of spirit and understanding; and time having nearly wiped away his sorrow for his mother's frailty, he became somewhat giddy and unguarded in his conduct and associates. One day, being in company with some young men as thoughtless as himself, a misunderstanding took place between one of them and Alfred, about some matter of but trivial import. Warm words passed between them, until, at length, he taunted Alfred with the frailty of his mother. Alfred, stung to the heart by the ungentlemanly allusion, with one blow laid his antagonist at his feet. When he recovered from the

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force of the blow he had received; a challenge was immediately given and accepted, and pistols produced. They fought in the room where they were, and at the first fire Alfred was shot through the heart, and expired on the spot. This last stroke proved too much for his poor father, who lingered for a few short months, and then sank into the silent slumber of the tomb.

"Shuter and my sister, when they left Nichols' house, stole, like two guilty creatures as they were, into a remote village, where, under the name of Jones, they endeavoured to conceal, even from themselves, all traces and recollection of their guilt. But the spectres of conscience haunted them, and rendered life a miserable burthen, not worth possessing. He, when he heard of the death of Nichols and his son, became morose, reserved, and melancholy. Bell, who had sacrificed every thing to him, could not bear this, and also became captious, discontented, and sometimes perverse. They, who some short time before, thought they were all and all to each other, now lived a life the most unhappy that the mind of man can conceive. This could not, and did not continue long; for that depraved, abandoned, and wicked villain, Shuter, stung by her reproaches, and the whispering of his own conscience, coward like, forsook the woman he had deluded from affluence and virtue, and sunk to poverty and misery. He

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forsook her, I say, without making any provision for her; and insanity soon completed what his black arts had commenced, and left her a poor, miserable, wandering maniac.

"When Shuter left my wretched sister, he wandered to the metropolis like an outcast from his father's house and home; and there, in order to deaden the consciousness of his guilt, he embarked in every species of dissipation, vice and depravity; he gambled to excess, and was frequently engaged for days and weeks together in one continued round of it. On one occasion when he was thus employed, and when all their bloods were heated with wine, one of his associates accused him of having cheated at play, and words and blows soon followed the accusation. Shuter having struck his antagonist an unfortunate blow, supposed that he had killed him, and immediately made his escape; he fled first to England, from thence went to the continent, and wandered all over Europe under his assumed name. When he returned to his native land, being apprehensive of the consequences of being known, as he was yet ignorant that the man he had struck had recovered, he lived in great obscurity for some time in the city, until, through the agency of Major Johnson, who was acquainted with him, he obtained possession of a small cottage on the Major's land. Here he continued to reside until he found that he had excited

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the curiosity of the neighbouring peasantry, and then becoming apprehensive of detection, he determined to enlist.

"Major Nichols, after the death of his father, regularly supplied his sister, who was placed at a boarding school, with every thing she could want. But as she was ignorant of her parentage, Nichols never informed her of it, and permitted her also to remain ignorant of who was her protector. This sister you will no doubt before this have discovered in Mrs. Kaulderston, whose story I understand you to have become acquainted with. Nichols urged and insisted on the marriage of his sister with Kaulderston, because he knew him to be a worthy man, and was apprehensive of his sister forming some improper connection at the boarding school. After the death of the father of Nichols, he never acquainted even the governess of the academy with the circumstance; and all his letters to her and to his sister were written as if they came from the father of Louisa.

"After the marriage of Kaulderston, Nichols obtained a commission in the army, and occasionally saw his sister as the friend of her husband, but nothing of any consequence occurred between them, until your arrival. When accident had thrown you in Mrs. Kaulderston's way, and you became remarkably attentive to her, it naturally aroused the attention of both Nichols and Bell

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Jones, as they both knew that her marriage had been a forced one, and not one of inclination. Nichols knows not that Bell Jones is his mother, and, most probably, never will know it, unless you inform him of it. When your attentions to Mrs. Kaulderston, and your evident partiality for her, had attracted the notice of Nichols, he immediately wrote to your father, and acquainted him with your danger; your father came privately to camp, and it appeared to be his opinion, that by throwing some mystery around the affair, we could better detach you from your unhappy passion, if it yet deserved that name, than we could by any other means. It was accordingly determined upon, and I will now explain to you the different scenes as they took place.

"When Nichols came into your tent, whilst you were lying wounded, and beheld Mrs. Kaulderston's servant, he was so moved to passion that he could not restrain it. He had so long mourned over the disgrace of his mother, the murder of his brother, (because he could term it nothing better,) and the subsequent death of his father, that reason would sometimes forsake her empire, and passion, like a whirlwind, bear every thing before it. He had but just returned from the cottage, when he entered your tent, and the idea of additional disgrace being heaped upon him, through you and his sister, so overcame him, that he felt and acted

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like a madman. As soon as he came to himself again, he was truly sorry for what had occurred, and embraced the first opportunity of atoning, as far as he could, for what he had said and done.

"Before your father left us, he had engaged Major Johnson to become your mentor, and our whole plot was under his superintendence. He also prevailed on Cato to assist us; but in justice to the faithful fellow, it must be said, that they had much difficulty in getting him to agree to deceive you. Mentor's first letter was placed on your table by Cato, at the request of Major Johnson; and that which you received at Mrs. Kaulderston's, was placed on a table there, by Bell Jones, who embraced an opportunity of entering the house unperceived. She had been engaged to aid our views by Major Johnson, who, by some means to me unknown, became acquainted with our whole family history. Bell's appearance at the window was entirely accidental, as she merely came to examine whether the note had been removed from the table on which she had left it.

"The interview with Bell Jones, in your tent, was the effect of previous arrangements. Cato unloaded your pistols, and afterwards re-loaded them, having drawn up the tent pins in the rear of your tent, and entered in that way. The information Bell possessed, relative to what passed at Mrs. Kaulderston's, she obtained from a servant

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in the family, who was bribed by her, and who had contrived a small aperture through the petition which divided the music room from a closet in an adjoining room. Through this she could both hear and see every thing that passed. The letter from Mentor, which fell before you, had been attached to the top of the tent, by means of a pin, and Major Johnson, who stood in the rear of your tent, could at pleasure detach it, by pulling a string which he held in his hand.

"Having observed that what we had done, had made an impression on you, we determined to persevere, and accordingly Bell was instructed to make her appearance at Mrs. Kaulderston's party, where we knew that you proposed taking Shuter. What she then whispered in his ear was, that Mrs. Kaulderston was her daughter; a fact of which Shuter was previously ignorant. The scene with the printseller, at Johnson's, was entirely planned by Bell Jones herself, and the drawings were her own. She used frequently to take sketches of the surrounding country, and consequently seldom went without drawing materials about her person. She had prepared all the sketches, and had bribed the printseller to conform to her views, when Bell went up towards the house to reconnoitre, leaving the printseller in a neighbouring cottage. When you had seen the sketches, and attacked the printseller about them, he very adroitly pushed them

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from the window, unobserved by all but Bell Jones, who was waiting, concealed behind some bushes, and who sent her dog for them. He brought them to her in his mouth, having long been trained to bring any thing that was pointed out to him by his mistress.

"I have now, my dear Upton, finished my story, but cannot conclude without once more recommending my sister to your kindness and protection. You may ask why I do not recommend her to the protection of her own son and daughter? My answer is plain. They know not of her existence; and why should I torture their bosoms with the knowledge, when I think that upon you, my friend, I may safely rely. In my will, you will find that I have not made the request without providing the means of enabling you to do as I wish."

After I had read this narrative, I searched in every direction for Bell Jones, and had also employed persons to seek for her, but without obtaining any information. I had began to conclude that she had perished in some of her wanderings; when, one day as I was sauntering along the bank of the river, I beheld her at some distance before me. I sent Joe, who was attending me, to inform her that I wished to speak to her. I seated myself upon a log to wait her approach. She came slowly, with a downcast countenance, and dressed entirely in black. Her whole appearance was

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more melancholy than I ever before had witnessed, and I became apprehensive that her bewildered understanding had entirely forsaken her. I was, however, mistaken. When she came near me, she said in a low and melancholy tone, far different from that which I had been accustomed to hear from her, "What would you with me, Captain Upton, that you have sent for me? It is not to heap more sorrows on my head, I hope, for I am nearly bowed to the earth with them already." "No, Bell," I replied, "I would alleviate your sorrows, not increase them. It was for that purpose I sent for you." "If you wish to render me happy," said Bell, "deprive me again of reason. Recent sorrows, instead of quite extinguishing it, as I had hoped, have recalled it, and I am truly miserable." "Bell," said I, "I know your history from your brother, who gave it in charge to me, with his dying breath, to render your days as comfortable as circumstances would permit. Think not that by accepting what I am about to propose, you will be under any obligation to me, because your brother bequeathed to me an immense property, and only charged me to be kind to you. I have a small cottage about a quarter of a mile from here, which, though small, is neat and comfortable. Quit your wandering way of life, take possession of that cottage, with such attendants as you your-

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self may desire, and I will see that you are provided with every thing you may require."

Having agreed to follow my advice, I walked to the house to make my preparations for her departure, as I knew that she was always punctual. In an hour she returned, so much changed in her appearance, that I scarcely knew her. She had on a very neat riding dress and hat, laced boots and gloves, and her hair was arranged with greater care than I ever before had seen it. She had also brought with her a lad, with a light cart, containing a quantity of baggage, on the top of which stood her dog. I handed her the letter, and the horses and Cato, who was to attend her, stood ready at the door. I also offered her a purse of money, which she refused, saying. that she had already more than she wanted. She then departed, and I saw her not again, until just before my marriage with Harriot Lee, when she came to congratulate us on our union, and to present my blooming bride with some tokens of her esteem, and express her gratitude to me, for restoring her to comparative happiness.

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THE FALLS OF ST. ANTHONY.

(Original.)

The war of waters! from the headlong height,
Cleaves the way-worn precipice.—Byron.

There is perhaps no portion of the human race whose character has been depicted in darker colours than the Aborigines of our country. Many there have been who have assisted in rendering them detestable to their white brethren, while there have been but few who were philanthropic enough to oppose the current of common opinion, and who dared to show to the world that the Indian is not that perfect brute which many suppose him to be, but that he possesses many virtues, and that some of the noblest feelings which inspire the heart of civilized beings, find a home in his breast. It is in him that we see man in his original state; in him alone we find a being whose mind is unaffected by the refinement of society; who has had no other model which he could imitate, and no teacher whose instructions he might follow, except "dame nature." As man is liable to err, as he is the slave of passion—the Indian, not having been enabled by education to avoid the one,

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or to cotroul the other, may, when under the dominion of violent impulse, pass those bounds to which civilized man confines himself. He may, when blinded by revenge, murder the innocent; but he has often sufficient magnanimity to spare the life of his enemy. If he never forgives an injury, he never forgets a benefit. There is, in fine, no race of men so violent in their hatred, or so firm in their attachments, as the Indians. In support of this assertion, many traditions might be adduced, but we will only subjoin the following tale, which we heard some years since; it has lost none of its interest through its age:

> Nay! Time itself hath hallowed it, nor laid
> One ringlet in the dust; nor hath it caught
> A tinge of years, but breathes the flame with which 'twas
> wrought. BYRON.

Among the inhabitants of a small village which formerly stood on the banks of the Mississippi, near the Falls of St. Anthony, resided a woman by the name of Marguerite. A few months before the period at which our narrative commences, her husband died, leaving her the mother of two children, the oldest of whom was scarcely five years of age. It was with difficulty she procured, by her industry, sufficient food for the support of herself and orphans; and often, when overcome by the toil and heat of the day, she would sit down before her hut, and amuse herself by contemplating

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the beauties of the surrounding scenery. It was at that season of the year when all nature is arrayed in her most brilliant robes, that Marguerite sat at the door of her rustic habitation, watching the stream of the mighty river, as it rolled along in sullen majesty. At a few hundred yards distance from her, it poured its waters down in one solid mass over the Falls of St. Anthony. In the centre of these is a small island covered with shrubs and trees, which, though for ages exposed to the violence of the current, and often on the point of being carried away by its impetuosity, still remains undisturbed in its primitive form. The scenery around these falls is strikingly romantic. The noble stream of the Mississippi is enclosed on each side by bluffs or highlands, whose tops are covered with "the noble cedar, and the stately pine." It is to these bluffs that the river is indebted for much of its beauty. The eye is never tired of beholding them: at one time they are seen rising to a vast height, forming themselves, as it were, into castles, or battlements, wrought by the hand of nature, and which she seems to have intended that man should endeavour to imitate; at another, sloping gently, and forming rich and luxuriant valleys. The river, as it flows by these, reflects from its glittering surface the various other objects which adorn its banks—hills and valleys covered with the brightest gems

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of nature—the crowded forests and prairies waving gently with the breeze.

The sun was now merging behind the bluff; the sky was clear, and the bright orb of day, as it descended, seemed as if it sought to add more lustre to the beauty of the surrounding scene, and painted every object with its brilliant colours;—while the falls appeared like a rolling stream of molten gold, the forest and prairies resembled solid masses of fire. No sound was heard but the roar of the cataract, rendered somewhat less distinct by the distance, and the chattering of the prairie hen. Marguerite sat for a long time in silence, and absorbed in meditation, beholding the bright vision before her, until at length she thought that she perceived the figure of an Indian on one of the distant bluffs. The appearance of these persons was always beheld with terror, and especially at this time, as they were the enemies of the inhabitants of the village. After watching him for a few moments, she was convinced by his movements that his design was hostile, and that he was a spy belonging to a neighbouring nation. She hastened to inform the inhabitants of the discovery, and added, that there was no doubt he was the forerunner of a party who intended to attack the village. Immediately all who were capable of defending the place were in arms. Scarcely had midnight arrived, the period at which it was

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supposed by the Indians the village would be buried in sleep, when their war-whoop and yellings were heard. The villagers were in a moment collected, and opposed the foe so successfully, that after a short, but severe contest, they were driven back, with the loss of many warriors in killed and wounded.

Marguerite had not been a silent observer of the bloody scene. Immediately after its close, she intended to seek the spot where the battle had raged hottest, and endeavour to preserve the lives of those who might have been only wounded, and who, by timely assistance, might still be preserved. But as she was on the point of closing the door of her hut, she heard near her the groans of some suffering mortal. The sound at once startled her —she paused—again a sigh was audible. "Some ill-fated being lies now in agony at a short distance from me," thought Marguerite; again the groans were heard, and seemed still more piteous. "He is at my very door," she cried, "and must be relieved." As the sound appeared to come from the rear of her hut, she hastened in that direction, and there beheld an Indian bathed in gore. By his dress and mien, it was evident that he was a youthful warrior. He seemed to have arrived at that period of life when youth is beginning to throw off its mild beauties, and the sterner features of manhood are just about to be formed; he pos-

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sessed a high expansive forehead, indicating nobleness and generosity, an aquiline nose, and a mouth, which, while it disclosed the ferocity of his race, breathed forth mildness and gentleness of soul. A beautiful jet-black skin of the buffalo was thrown around his muscular and elegantly formed limbs. When he heard the footsteps of Marguerite, he raised himself on his right arm, and passing his left hand across his brow, he looked so stedfastly on the object before him, that it seemed as if he sought to discover her intentions. Marguerite gazed on him for a few moments with astonishment and pity, and then approaching him slowly, she said, "The blow of thine enemy's sword hath laid thee low, and destroyed your strength; stranger, fear no evil from me, for I come to preserve, and not to terminate, your existence." The Indian viewed her for some time with a suspicious glance; then suddenly replied, as he passed his hand across his forehead, which had been laid open by the blow of a sword, "He who made this deadly mark, hath truly taken away my strength, and I am now your prisoner; still I fear nothing from you, for from your eye is reflected the benign ray of pity; yet even if thou would'st, I feel as if you could not save that life which is now so fast fleeting." He was about to proceed, when he fell back, overcome by fatigue and pain. Marguerite raised him again, and

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shortly he revived. "I thank thee," he continued, "for your kindness; I have not deserved it from thee." "Nay," replied Marguerite, "speak not thus, but raise yourself, and enter my hut." She assisted in raising him on his feet, and permitting him to lean on her arm, they gained the interior of her habitation. Here she placed him in a bed, and having bathed his wounds, and given him a refreshing draught, she retired, and in a few moments the warrior fell into a sound sleep.

When he awoke, his pain was almost entirely gone, and with a little assistance he was enabled to rise from his bed. In a few days he was so far recovered, that he informed Marguerite it was his determination to leave her immediately, and return to his tribe. She entreated him to remain for a few days longer, until his strength should be better recruited; but Telumah (such was the name of the warrior) was deaf to her entreaties; and as soon as evening approached, he began to prepare for the journey. During the period after he had thought of departing, he appeared wholly overcome with grief; as the moment when he was to set out approached, his agony increased; and as a tear now and then rolled down his manly cheek, a sigh broke forth, and he cast his eyes first towards Marguerite, and then on her children, who now stood beside him. Jacques, the youngest, when he saw the large drops trickling down the

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cheeks of the Indian, began also to weep; and, as he looked him in the face, said "Telumah! why do you cry?" The Indian was startled by the question; he made no reply, but taking each of the children by the hand, he advanced towards Marguerite, and thus addressed her:—"Farewell, my mother, for thou hast been one to me; farewell! we part, perhaps forever; but I shall never, while the blood flows through these veins, forget thy kindness to me;—you did receive me, thine enemy, into your hut, and thou hast been the means of preserving my life;—my gratitude shall never grow cold, but shall be a flame which shall forever burn, to be extinguished only by death. Farewell! darling children! the offspring of a generous mother;—Telumah loves you as he does your parent; and his constant prayer to Maneto shall be, that he will protect and defend, from every misfortune, the benevolent mother, and her lovely babes." He paused; he was unable to proceed, as his utterance was choked by the fulness of his grateful heart. With his eyes bathed in tears, after having kissed the children, and pressed the hand of Marguerite to his lips, in an instant he was out of sight. Marguerite and her children continued for some time overwhelmed with grief at the departure of the grateful chief.

Telumah, in a short time, arrived at the wigwams of his fellow warriors. They were convened in

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council, and deliberating whether it would be better to remain at rest, or again attack the village, and by its destruction, revenge the death of those warriors who had fallen in the late battle. Telumah repaired in haste to the council, and was welcomed by all with joy. At his entrance, Kirnassa, the Grand Sachem, a man who had detested the whites from the first moment they landed on the banks of the Mississippi, and whose disposition towards them had never changed, was addressing the assembly, in a manner calculated to inflame their minds against the inhabitants of the village. "What!" he cried, "shall our warriors sleep unrevenged! shall their shades walk through our tribe, pointing at us with the finger of scorn! must they lament the degeneracy of their sons? No! fellow warriors, this shall not be: let us imitate their glorious example; let us not fear death; for although he may come clothed in his most frightful forms, he possesses no terrors for the brave: let us depart instantly for the homes of our enemies, and swear never to return until we have sacrificed every white man, to appease the wrath of our fallen chiefs."

When Kirnassa finished this address, the air resounded with the shouts of all present, except Telumah, who now arose, and in a short, but eloquent harangue, endeavoured to dissuade the tribe from the undertaking proposed by the Grand Sachem.

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He pointed out to them the difficulties attendant on such an expedition, the superior power of their enemies, and recalled to their recollections the losses they had suffered in their last attack; but he spoke in vain :—the mind of his hearers had been so prejudiced by the speech of Kirnassa, that it was almost impossible to make them listen to the voice of reason. After a few moments spent in deliberation, it was determined by the assembly that they should, on the following night, again attack the village.

Accordingly, the Indians set out for the village at the time fixed, and arrived within a mile of it, a short while before midnight. Here they halted, in order to settle their plan of attack. Telumah, at this time, and during the whole of the march, was silent and thoughtful; he appeared as if he anticipated some dreadful calamity; but when it was resolved by his fellow-warriors, after they halted, to set fire to the village, he was distracted, on account of the danger which threatened those who were so dear to his heart.—"And must, then, Marguerite and her children perish in the flames? Shall the tomahawk, perhaps of my own brother, destroy the life of my preserver? Shall she and her offspring be massacred, while I, who owe my life to them, am so near at hand? No! I will rescue them. As soon as the village is fired, I will hasten to their hut, and endeavour to save those

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who saved my life. Should I be laid low by the sword of the enemy, before I can reach her habitation, I shall fall in a glorious cause; I shall perish while seeking to repay the noblest of all debts—the debt of gratitude."

It was thus Telumah meditated, when his thoughts were disturbed by hearing the orders of the Grand Sachem again to advance. The approach to the village was cautious, and in perfect silence. Before any of the villagers were aware of it, one of the huts was in flames, and the Indians engaged in the work of death. In a few moments, the inhabitants were in arms; but as the attack had been so sudden and well planned, it was impossible to resist it. Every quarter was now a scene of murder and desolation, and resounded with the cries of hundreds. The child was torn from the mother's arms, and slain before her eyes; and when, in distraction, she endeavoured to rescue her offspring from the grasp of the savage, the tomahawk of the monster laid her weltering in her blood, by the side of her child. The wife was sacrificed as she clung in agony to her dying husband—and the son, as he knelt and dropped a filial tear over the body of a murdered parent.

Through such a scene of misery, Telumah hastened towards the hut of Marguerite, the inmates of which, as yet, had not been aroused by the noise of the conflict. Telumah's heart glowed

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with the anticipation of the rescue of his preserver; but what were his feelings, or who can describe his pain, when he beheld one of his brethren approaching her hut. With fearful anxiety, he permitted him to proceed, until he was on the point of opening the door, when, in distraction, he flew towards him, and, with his utmost strength, drew him backwards. "Hold!" cried Telumah, "thou shalt not enter there." "Who is it," replied the savage, "that attempts to bar my entrance?" "'Tis Telumah," retorted the chief. "Telumah!" reiterated the Indian, in astonishment. "Art thou a traitor to our cause? Have we not sworn to sacrifice every white, and dost thou dare to break that oath?" "I have not," replied Telumah, "sworn to murder the innocent; my soul disdains to commit such a deed." "If it be thus with you," the Indian cried, "I shall have my full share of vengeance, even if thou, Telumah, with the strength of the Buffalo, should strive to oppose me." Having said this, he rushed forward; but Telumah seizing him, dashed him to the ground, as he exclaimed, "never! while Telumah breathes." "Traitor! traitor!" answered the savage, as he sprang on his feet, and hurled his tomahawk at the chief, "receive thy reward." Fortune appeared in this instance to be the companion of justice, and the deadly weapon touched not Telumah, who now, in a paroxysm of rage,

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placed an arrow in his bow, and in a moment pierced the heart of his fellow-warrior, who fell lifeless to the ground.

Marguerite, who had been awakened by the noise of this moment, rushed out of her hut, and beheld Telumah. "And must we then perish in these flames, Telumah?" she cried, in a voice of despair. "Nay!" he replied; "you shall not—haste—away, or in one moment you may be undone." "My children!" ejaculated Marguerite. "Ah! sweet babes," cried Telumah, as he burst into the hut, and returned bearing one in each arm, "they shall still live. Come, Marguerite, follow me to the outside of the village. You shall not perish here; and while my arm can draw the string of this bow, or raise the glittering blade of the tomahawk, no mortal shall molest thee. Fear nothing, but follow me." In haste he departed, followed by Marguerite, who with difficulty could keep pace with him, and in a short time they arrived at the extremity of the village. Here Telumah determined to remain until the return of his fellow-warriors.

The village was now entirely wrapt in flames—volumes of fire rolled in sublime, but horrid grandeur, before the eyes of Telumah—clouds of dense smoke enveloped now and then the whole extent of the place, and covered it from his sight. In an instant, the fire, renewing its strength, again burst

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forth, dispelling the darkness, and illuminating the surrounding country. The scene was terrific, yet beautiful. The reflection of the blaze on the distant bluffs and forests, and on the waters of the Mississippi, which at this moment resembled those golden lakes we so often read of in fairy legends; the cries of despair and of lamentation, mingled with the yellings of the savages, and the distant roar of the falls, were heard for a long time in awful concert, until the flames abating, the surrounding objects became gradually obscure, till at length they were entirely veiled in darkness. Such was the end of this ill-fated village. Those inhabitants, who but a few days before had so successfully opposed their enemies, were now laid lifeless by these same enemies; that spot, which but a few short hours before had been a scene of happiness, where every heart beat high with hope, and every eye glistened with joy, was now one of desolation and carnage—the dwellings which once were the homes of happy mortals, now resounded with the solemn notes of the owl, and the night-hawk.

Having accomplished their design, the Indians began to return homewards. It was now that Talumah's mind suffered all the agonies of suspense. Every echo of the distant tramp of the approaching warriors, or of their horrid war-whoop, pierced the soul of the unhappy chief, for he knew not but that the very moment Marguerite

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and her children should be seen by them, that moment might be their last. At length the Indians, shouting and huzzaing, approached the spot where Telumah and Marguerite stood. They retired a little, and the warriors halted, and forming themselves in a single line, stood as if awaiting the further orders of the Sachem. Telumah, at this instant, taking each of the children by the hand, and desiring Marguerite to follow him, advanced quickly in the front of the whole line. At the appearance of the whites under the protection of one of their tribe, all were amazed, and the air was filled with their cries of "Telumah! traitor! traitor! massacre him." Telumah remained unmoved. At length the noise was hushed, and he thus spoke: "Hear me, my fellow warriors! behold that woman, who not long since preserved my life, and whom, in return, I have this night rescued from destruction. As she has been my preserver, and my friend, I have sworn to protect her." "And we have sworn to murder every white!" exclaimed Kirnassa, "and our oaths shall not be broken." As he spoke, his eyes were inflamed with rage, and darting forward, he sprung towards Marguerite. But Telumah, releasing the children from his hold, placed himself between the enraged Indian and his preserver; then laying his hand on his breast, he said, "Hold! pierce this breast before you attempt to harm this helpless creature; for I

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swear, and let Maneto be my witness, that if you, Kirnassa, or any of your warriors, shall dare to injure her, my tomahawk shall revenge her wrongs." Kirnassa stood awe-struck with the boldness of Telumah; but recovering himself suddenly, and turning round, he cried, pointing to Telumah, "Seize the traitor!" He had no sooner uttered these words, than Telumah was surrounded by the Indians, and torn from Marguerite, who, with her children, were also made prisoners. On a signal from the Sachem, all the party set out for their homes. Marguerite, overcome with fatigue and grief, often requested them to permit her to stop for a few moments, that she might rest herself; they paid no regard to her entreaties, but hurried her onwards to their wigwams, where, as soon as they arrived, she sank down, entirely worn out by the journey.

Immediately a council was convened, at which it was determined that Telumah, with Marguerite and her children, should be put to death on the following morning, and that in the mean time they should be separated and confined. The noble chief received the intelligence of his own sentence without betraying a single fear; but when he was informed that Marguerite and her children were also to be put to death, his eyes were fixed in wild astonishment—every limb quivered—and while a sigh seemed bursting from his heart, with a loud

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convulsive laugh, he fell to the ground. A friend, who was near, could not refrain from tears as he raised him from the earth. In a few moments he revived, and exclaimed, "they shall not die! leave me, I pray thee, my friend—but stay one moment. Can you inform me where they are confined?" His friend replied in the affirmative, and, pointing to the door of their prison, hastily departed, in order to avoid giving suspicion to his tribe.

Night again arrived. Guards were placed before the huts where the prisoners were confined, and in a few hours the Indians were buried in sleep. Telumah could not rest, but continued walking to and fro, endeavouring to form some plan for his escape. At length he resolved on making an effort to burst the door of his hut, and rescue Marguerite.—He approached, and was about to apply all his strength to the door, when on giving it a slight push, it flew open, the Indians having neglected to bolt it before they retired to rest. Telumah left the hut slowly, and cautiously, and to his great joy beheld the guards (who had been overcome by the fatigue of the march) in a profound sleep. He passed them in silence, and entered the hut where Marguerite was confined—she was pale and almost lifeless, stretched on the ground with a child on each side. Telumah, greatly agitated, threw himself at her feet. When she beheld him,

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tears began to flow, while Telumah said, "Why weeps my mother? Do not yield thus to misfortune, for hope softly whispers in my ear, that we may yet escape. Come then! Fly instantly with me; death stares us in the face, and why should we thus loiter?" Marguerite, who had for the whole time appeared lifeless, now with difficulty raised herself, and thus addressed Telumah:—"Grateful Telumah! the moment has come when we must part forever; I feel the hand of death upon me; but before I go, I have one request to make. If you are not destroyed 'ere to-morrow's sun shall set, I beseech you to protect my children—let them find in you a father. If you should escape, hasten to my brother, who resides at the village on this side of the falls, and leave them with him. This is my last request"—"Which Telumah promises to obey," exclaimed the chief. Marguerite, taking the children in her arms, thus continued: "Farewell, my children. Let me take my parting look, for it is the last time I shall ever behold you. Darling babes—let me receive one parting token of affection—let me kiss those lips. Now, Telumah, these children are thine; and whenever you shall behold them, remember the dying request of Marguerite. Farewell!" She placed the children in the arms of Telumah, and fell backwards a lifeless corpse.

The noble warrior burst into tears, and after

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weeping for some time over the body of Marguerite, he was about to depart with the children, when Jacques exclaimed, with that enchanting innocence peculiar to childhood, "Stop, Telumah! is'nt mother coming? or is she sleeping?" "Yes, my child," he replied, "she sleeps; therefore speak not, lest you disturb her." The child was silent. Telumah cast one mournful look towards the body of Marguerite, and in an instant darted out of the hut, intending, as he knew where the canoes of the Indians were lying, to seek the shore of the Mississippi, and descend to the home of the children's uncle. He passed through the Indians without disturbing them, and silently, and quickly advanced towards the river. As he proceeded, a storm appeared to be coming on. Suddenly the yellings of the Indians met his ear. He knew at once, by the sound, that his escape had been discovered, and that he was pursued. He redoubled his speed, but burthened with the children, his pace was not so rapid as it might have been. As, however, he had considerably the start of his pursuers, he was in hopes that he should gain the bank of the river before them. The sound now became more and more audible, and in horrid concert with the thunder, which "rolled in the celestial vaults above." Telumah pursued his way, determined, if he should be overtaken, to defend himself and the children, while a spark of life remained.

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The storm raged with the utmost fury—the thunder roared—the rain descended in torrents—and the lightning shone with sublime grandeur, illuminating "the darkness of the scenery." Telumah now began to fear he had lost the path leading to the river, and while he was seeking to regain it, the yellings of the savages were heard at a short distance. Conceiving it now impossible to escape, he turned in the direction from which the sound appeared to come, when a flash of lightning disclosed to his view an Indian approaching with great rapidity. On perceiving him, Telumah at once resolved to remain where he was, and endeavour to destroy him; but when he gazed on the children which he now held in his arms, and thought on the last request of their mother, he again advanced. Despair added wings to his flight, and in a few moments he heard the murmuring of the stream. Hope now inspired him; but while he was rejoicing at his good fortune, an arrow suddenly whistled by him. From this he knew he was discovered, and that his pursuers were at hand. Still he advanced; the Mississippi was soon visible, and with one bound he was on its shore. The storm was now at its height; the river rolled with tremendous velocity, and the falls roared "with horrid minstrelsy." Telumah was afraid to trust himself and the children to the fury of the elements; but his fears vanished when he

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was startled by the cry of "'Tis he;—'tis the traitor." It was the voice of Kirnassa. On hearing it, Telumah ran towards one of the canoes, in which he placed the children, and was on the point of launching it, when his pursuer sprung on the bank, and seizing Telumah by the buffalo skin, which hung from his shoulders, drew him forcibly backwards." "Traitor!" he exclaimed, "thou art not yet free;" and raising his tomahawk with a revengeful aspect, he continued, "you, Telumah, and those whom you protect, shall never escape from my hands." "Never, do you say," replied Telumah, "they shall still live;" and rushing on Kirnassa, before he was aware of an attack, he with one blow of his tomahawk laid him lifeless on the shore.

Telumah now launched the canoe into the water, and sprung on board.—He had scarcely left the shore when it was crowded with his pursuers. On perceiving him, they were inflamed with rage, and with one voice exclaimed, "the traitor must not be allowed to escape;" then launching their canoes, they pursued him down the stream.

At the moment Telumah and his pursuers had left the shore, their minds were so fixed, the one on his escape, and the others on the pursuit, that neither of them thought of the falls and rapids, at a short distance below. It was not long, however, until both were made sensible of their danger, by

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the roaring of the waters. Telumah, when once aware of this, resolved on endeavouring to discover the eddy running to the island, in the centre of the falls. This was his last resource; and as he was well acquainted with this part of the river, he was almost certain, if he reached the island, that he would be seen by the villagers on this side of the falls, and still be preserved. While he was thus meditating, his canoe began to descend the river with the velocity of lightning. Telumah's heart beat with joy; he knew, by the force with which his bark was hurried along, that he was in the eddy leading to the wished-for spot. Perceiving his pursuers among the rapids, which were hurrying them onwards, and observing them making powerful efforts to gain the shore, he cried out to them, "Your struggles are in vain; destruction is now inevitable; in a few moments you will reach the falls." The agony of the Indians, already extremely great, was now augmented by the words of Telumah, which not only apprised them of his safety, but of their own awful fate.

The storm had now abated, and the moon shone forth with all her brilliancy, disclosing to the view of the miserable Indians, Telumah approaching the island, and themselves within a few yards of the awful precipice. It was then that they sent forth the cry of despair—that every soul burned with rage. They made a last and desperate struggle

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to reach the island, but in vain. In a few moments they were dashed down the falls.

Next morning, Telumah was discovered on the island by the inhabitants of the village, who, with difficulty, rescued him from his perilous situation. Having poured forth his thanks to his preservers, and ascertained that it was the spot where the uncle of the children resided, he immediately hastened to him; and, as he placed the orphans in his arms, he raised his eyes to heaven, and exclaimed, "Marguerite, your last request is obeyed!"

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THE STATUE OF VENUS.

A GRECIAN STORY.

BY M. FLORIAN.

(Translated for National Tales.)

One must be more of a Greek than I am to hazard himself in Grecian language. I content myself with admiration of their works, which I read only in translation. The Iliad, and above all, the Odyssey, transport me. I invariably weep when I peruse the scene of Ulysses and Eumoeus—his meeting with the faithful Euryclea, and the interview between Penelope and the king of Ithaca. What an understanding of human nature was there! how intimately he knew it!—*he*, who even in an epic poem, disdained not to assign a place to the good old dog Argus, who would have been left to perish in disgrace at the door of a palace, and who died at last with joy, on again beholding his master! The modern Greeks can produce no more such beautiful stories as these; and unfortunately of a *modern* Greek, the following tale is a production:—

Sophronimus was born in Thebes. His father, of an ancient Corinthian family, had come to establish himself in the capital of Beotia. He died there; his wife soon followed him to the grave; and Sophronimus, at twelve years of age, found

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himself destitute of parents, of fortune, and of protection. Amid all his deprivations, his regret was confined to the loss of his father and mother; for whole days, the poor boy would go and weep upon their tombs, and then return to his meals, which a priest of Minerva gave him for charity. One day, when the unhappy orphan had lost himself in the streets of the city, he entered the work-shop of the celebrated Praxiteles. He is suddenly transported on beholding so many master-pieces of art! he gazes upon them—he is lost in admiration! and turning to Praxiteles with an air of grace, and juvenile freedom, "Father," cried he, "give *me* the chisel, and teach me to become as great as thou art." Praxiteles stared at the boy, astonished at the fire of enthusiasm which kindled in his eyes, and embracing him with affection, "yes!" said he, "remain with me; I will now be *your* master, but my hope shall be, that you may soon be *mine*.

The young Greek abode with the artist, grateful and happy in his profession. He soon perceived the development of that sublime talent with which nature had endowed him; so that at eighteen, he had produced specimens of his skill, which even Praxiteles would have acknowledged. But unhappily, just at this period, Praxiteles died, and bequeathed a considerable sum to his favourite pupil. Sophronimus was inconsolable; to remain in Thebes grew tedious to him; he quitted his native

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home, and employed the munificence of his benefactor in travelling over the countries of Greece. As he carried with him to every place he visited, that love of the beautiful, and that thirst for information, which had been the passion of his infancy, every day brought fresh additions to his knowledge, and every splendid work which he beheld was a lesson to his genius. His desire to please, imparted a polish to his character and his intellect; more modest, in proportion as he grew more learned, and closely realizing in what he had failed, as he always pondered upon what he had acquired, at twenty years of age, Sophronimus became the most accomplished and most amiable of men.

Resolved to establish himself in some considerable city, he determined upon Miletus, a Greek colony, upon the coast of Ionia. He purchased a humble dwelling, a few blocks of marble, and made sculpture the business of his life. Reputation, which is often times so slow to follow true merit, was not long denied to Sophronimus. His works were appreciated, and his talents soon became the subject of general conversation. The young artist, never permitting himself to become intoxicated with his eulogiums, redoubled his every effort to deserve them. Calm, and secluded in his work-shop, he devoted the whole day to his labour, while the study of Homer refreshed his evenings. Such profitable delight elevated his soul, and far-

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nished for his genius the best lessons of his art. Satisfied with the day that had past, and fully prepared for the morrow, he would thank the Gods, and go to his pillow.

This happiness could not last. That enemy which can deprive even virtue of its repose would not suffer Sophronimus to remain in peace. Euphony, daughter of Aristæus, governor of Miletus, came with her father to visit the statuary of the young Theban. Euphony surpassed all the beauties of Ionia; and her soul was even more beautiful than her countenance. Her father, the most wealthy of the Milesians, had devoted himself exclusively to the education of his child. It cost him no pains to guide her to the love of virtue; and his immense wealth afforded her every opportunity for accomplishment. She was sixteen, possessed of a discriminating mind, a kind heart, and a beautiful person. She thought like Plato, and she sung like Orpheus.

Sophronimus, as he gazed upon her, experienced a singular feeling—an emotion with which he was unacquainted. His eyes were cast down, and he hesitated. Aristæus, attributing his embarrassment to respect, endeavoured to relieve him by the kindest language. "Show us," said he, "your most beautiful statue; every body speaks largely of your genius." "Alas!" cried he, "I *did* once dare to form a Venus, which to this day I have

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been proud of; but I well see that *now* it might be mended." So saying, he set his Venus before them, and cast his eyes timidly on Euphony. She had comprehended his words, and she now stood as though she were absorbed with the statue—she was thinking of the sculptor. Aristæus, having expressed his admiration of his production, left Sophronimus, with a promise that his visit should be repeated. Euphony quitted him with a gracious acknowledgment, and the poor Theban, after she was gone, perceived, for the first time, that he was left alone in his house.

That evening he read no Homer—Euphony was his continual vision. In the morning, instead of returning to his labour, he hastened through the whole city, in hopes of meeting her. He did meet her; and, from that moment, there was for him no more repose—no more study; half finished statues were seen crowded in the back part of his work-shop. Apollo, Diana, or Jupiter, no longer troubled Sophronimus. With the image of Euphony eternally before him, he passed his life in the crowd, in the public places, on the promenade. When he could not catch a glimpse of her, he would return home, to devise means how he should do it on his next sally.

At length his reputation, his perseverance, his address, gained him admittance to the mansion of Aristæus. He communed deeply with Euphony,

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and he grew deeper in love. Yet, how should he dare speak to her? how should a mere sculptor, without fortune, without parents, pretend to one of the first families in the city? Every thing, even his delicacy, kept him silent. Euphony was so wealthy, that a poor man would never be able to obtain her. Sophronimus knew all this: he knew he was lost if he declared himself; but he must either declare himself or die. He wrote her. This letter, so tender, so submissive, so respectful, was confided to a slave of Aristæus, to whom Sophronimus had given as a bribe, *all* he had amassed from the sale of his statues. The faithless villain, instead of delivering it to Euphony, hurried it into the hands of her father.

The old man, indignant at the audacity of Sophronimus, abused, for the first time, the privilege which his office conferred upon him. He became his accuser before the council, suspecting Sophronimus guilty of a crime, and he was banished from the city. The unhappy youth was waiting, tremblingly waiting, from day to day, an answer by the hands of the slave. He received the command to quit Miletus. He doubted not but the offended Euphony had herself solicited this vengeance. "I have deserved my fate," exclaimed he, "but I cannot repent that I have deserved it. Ye Gods! make her happy, and gather around my head all the evils which may threaten her welfare."

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Without indulging in a murmur on the rigour of his judges, he turned in sadness to the port, and threw himself on board a Cretan vessel.

Meanwhile, the father of Euphony thought it his duty to conceal from his child the true motive that had caused the banishment of Sophronimus. Euphony had begun to suspect his affection; she had read in the eyes of the Theban all that she had not dared to read in his letter. She dropped some tears to the memory of a man who had become unhappy because he had loved her;—but Euphony was very young, and she soon forgot it;—and her father, now grown tranquil, was planning the marriage of his daughter, when an extraordinary event spread consternation through Miletus.

The pirates of Leonnas had surprised a section of the city; before the inhabitants could arm themselves, the barbarians pillaged the Temple of Venus, and even tore the statue of the Goddess from its pedestal. This statue was the Palladium of the Island, and on its possession hung the happiness of the Milesians. The terrified people sent ambassadors to Delphos, to consult the oracle of Apollo. The sybil replied, that Miletus would not be in safety until a new statue of Venus, beautiful as the Goddess herself, should replace that which had been ravished from the Temple. Proclamation was immediately made throughout all Greece, that the most beautiful maid of Miletus,

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and four talents of gold, should be the reward of the sculptor who might fulfil the demand of the oracle. Many celebrated artists arrived with the works of their genius, and exposed them to the public gaze. The magistrates and the people beheld them, and wondered; but as soon as a statue was placed upon the altar, it was thrown by some supernatural power from the consecrated place. The Milesians, in despair, now began to mourn bitterly the loss of Sophronimus. They demanded, with an unanimous voice, that diligent search should be made for him. Aristæus himself felt interested in collecting information concerning the Cretan vessel, on board of which the unfortunate exile had embarked. He calculated periods and days: he even sent to Crete, where he learnt that the ship, with all on board, had perished under the heights of the isle of Naxos.

The hopeless Milesians now censured their governor for his want of vigilance, which they asserted was the cause of the invasion by the barbarians, and the death of Sophronimus, who had been unjustifiably banished. They passed from murmur to revolt—they rushed to the house of Aristæus, and forced an entry! Neither the tears, nor cries, nor prayers of Euphony could save her father; he was seized—he was loaded with chains—he was thrust into a dungeon—and they resolved that he should not come forth again until the statue

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of Venus was replaced. Euphony, in despair, determined to go in person to Athens, to Corinth, or to Thebes, to find some artist that might deliver her father. She immediately took measures to soften his confinement: a faithful slave would minister to all his wants. Relieved on this head, she equipped her vessel, loaded it with treasure, and took her departure.

The first days of her voyage were delightful—the very heavens seemed to protect her. Suddenly a dreadful tempest drove her vessel from its course, and forced the pilot to seek refuge on an unknown shore. Scarce had he done so, when the storm subsided; sunshine returned again, and Euphony, tempted by the beauty of the moment, disembarked, to repose awhile from the fatigues of the sea. She was quickly on shore, and enjoyed a sweet slumber on a couch of turf, which for a while, made her forget all her troubles; her sleep was short. She arose, and finding that her slaves slept also, she had no wish to disturb them. Communing with her sorrows, she sauntered along the water-side; and, eager to survey the inhabitable places, she bounded over the rocks, which lay as protecting the interior of the isle from the incursion of the waves.

She saw a delicious valley, tracked by two little rivulets, and shadowed by trees in luxuriant foliage

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She stood still to gaze on this beautiful landscape. Nature was then in the most beautiful of her spring-time; every tree was flowered; water drops, which the past shower had left, were hanging at the extremity of every blossom; and the sun, scattering his rays amongst them, sprinkled the branches with a thousand precious gems. The butterfly, rejoicing in the return of such glorious weather, began to wanton about the cowslips, and worlds of bees were murmuring amongst the leaves, afraid to touch the flowers, for fear of moistening their transparent wings. The nightingale and the linnet, recovered from their fright, made their warblings echo again, while their more tender mates, dreaming of nothing but love, fluttered about the foliage, seizing, in their bills, the refreshened grass for sustenance; and when they found a single stem that was dry and flexible, full of joy, they would sweep away to their half-formed nests. Euphony gazed with admiration on this spectacle, and sighed as she gazed. She descended into the valley, and crossing the meadow, descried a little cabin, buried in the branches of the green walnuts. A thicket hid the entrance from her view. She stood and listened to the murmur of a stream which was winding at her feet. Suddenly the music of a lyre mingled with its gentle swell: she was breathless; a voice, at once chaste and melodious, chanted as follows:—

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For a moment's fault, I've dearly paid:
When I thought my vows would win the goal—
Rash as the wretch of whom 'tis said
The Queen of Heaven would soothe his soul.
The imperial Queen, more proud than wise,
Who e'en to him would bend her charms,
That when he thought he grasp'd the prize,
Held but a cloud within his arms!
And such is my sad fate alas!
This pain not e'en with life will pass,
For if this soul can never die,
Sure Love would spurn mortality!'

The voice had hardly ceased, when recognising Sophronimus, she fell senseless to the ground. At the noise, he started—he beheld her—he grasped her in his arms—he gazed! he could not believe his happiness; he bore her to the bank, and a dash of water upon her beautiful countenance revived her. He was on his knees before her. "Art thou Euphony, or some divinity?" exclaimed he. "I am the daughter of Aristæus," answered she faintly; "my father is in danger; you alone can save him." "What—speak!" cried he, in transport; "how can it be done? my life is his—is your's."

Euphony now told him what service he might render her country, and her father. As she spoke, a joyous brilliancy awoke in the eyes of her lover. "Away with your fears," cried he, with animation; "I have in my humble cabin a work that may be as acceptable to the goddess as to your citizens. To you I surrender it; but I demand of you, that you do not

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look at it, until it stands in the temple of Miletus." The daughter of Aristæus consented; and Sophronimus then related to her the manner in which he had been saved from shipwreck, with nothing but his utensils of sculpture.

He had found in his desert island, water, and fruits, and marble. Here, secluded in the little cabin which he had erected, he had laboured at that magnificent work, which was yet to be the salvation of Aristæus. "Come," said he, "come and seethe place where I have lived, and thought of you." She followed, and with him entered his thatched cottage. On every side the name of Euphony was written on the walls—on every side the figure of Sophronimus was associated with her own. "Pardon me," exclaimed the sculptor, "if alone in this desert isle, I have dared to give utterance to the sentiments of my heart. I have not been sorry to be an exile." These words brought tears into the eyes of the affectionate girl; she gazed upon her lover, and grasping his hand—"Ah!" cried she, "it is not for me—" She did not finish, but casting her eye on a veiled statue which stood on something resembling an altar—"Come, haste we," exclaimed she, "haste we on our return to my slaves; they shall bear this inestimable treasure, which I am not to behold, but in the temple of Miletus. You shall go with me; and be the event what it will, we shall part no

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more." The transported Theban dared to imprint a kiss on the hand of his mistress, which awakened nothing like anger. They took the path by the river, and were soon joined by the slaves and seamen, who, alarmed at the absence of their lady, had scoured the whole island in search of her. She ordered them to bear the veiled statue with great care to the ship. They obeyed. But Sophronimus quitted not his cabin without thanking, in tears, the rustic divinities who had watched over him in his asylum. He placed all his tools on the altar which the statue had occupied, and consecrated them to Pan: then, affectionately kissing the threshold of his door, "I will return," cried he, "I will die here, if I cannot live for Euphony." With this farewell, they embarked, and directed their course for Miletus. Happily for Euphony, the voyage was not long, for she wished the artist should deliver her father, before there was an avowal of her affections. Had it been long, perhaps he would have been rewarded with this avowal before he deserved it. But the prudence of Euphony, the respect of Sophronimus, and, above all, a favourable wind, enabled the lovers to arrive in the same condition as when they left the desert isle.

The name of Sophronimus spread gladness through all Miletus. Those who esteemed and respected him, assembled, and determined that

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there was no necessity for an examination of the statue by the citizens, and that it should immediately be borne to the temple, to undergo its trial on the altar of Venus. They accordingly repaired to the consecrated place, which was filled by an immense crowd. Euphony, scarce able to support herself, followed close after Sophronimus, who moved forward, bearing the veiled statue. With modesty he placed it on the altar—he feared not —the statue stood erect. He then unveiled it, and the multitude beheld the features of Euphony. It was she, it was his mistress, whom the enamoured sculptor had selected for the model of his Venus. The image of Euphony was so deeply fixed in his heart, that far from her, even in his solitary isle, he had not been able to forget the original; and in striking out this resemblance, he had fulfilled the conditions of the oracle, which demanded a statue beautiful as the goddess herself.

Venus propitiated, and not jealous, accepted the offering, and through the medium of her immortal sire, bore witness that the oracle was fulfilled. The people sent forth cries of joy; they surrounded Sophronimus, and with transport called on him to claim his reward. "Release Aristæus," cried he, "and I am amply rewarded." They rushed to the old man's prison. His daughter was the first to dash the irons from her father; she embraced him; she announced the happy tidings, and

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imprinted kisses on his eyes as often as she pronounced the name of her lover. Recovering, Aristæus called upon his deliverer; he cast himself into his arms—he bathed him in tears—"My friend," cried he, "I have been a bitter enemy, but Euphony must absolve me." With these words, he joined the hands of the lovers. The people, delighted, shouted applause round the happy pair; while they themselves turned to the temple, to swear eternal fidelity at the feet of the statue, a lasting witness of the beauty and affection of Euphony.

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THE POET'S DREAM.

It was on the forenoon of a sultry, autumnal day, in the year 1638, that a person, apparently about five and thirty years of age, handsomely, though not gorgeously, clad in the costume of the country, and mounted on a mule, was seen traversing the wild and romantic road which leads from Sienna to Rome. A slight glance at the traveller would enable the intelligent observer to discover in him "more than marks the crowd of vulgar men." His forehead was high and pale, and his hair, of a light, flaxen colour, flowed in rich ringlets over his shoulders. Although his complexion was considerably tinged by the southern suns, which he had encountered in the course of his travels, it was evidently originally very fair, if not pale; and, together with the oval face and bright blue eyes, denoted a native of a more northern region than that which he was traversing. His countenance was singularly beautiful, and its mild and beneficent expression was shaded, but not impaired, by the pensive air which, apparently, deep study, or perhaps early misfortune, had cast over it. His height was rather above the middle

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stature, and his form displayed that perfection of symmetry which we usually look for in vain in nature, but mark with admiration in the works of Phidias and of Raphael. He was followed by a servant, also mounted on a mule, and both were taking the high road to the "eternal city," from which they were distant about two days' journey.

The day was sultry, and as the road then wound among some of the most precipitous and difficult passes of the Appenines, the travellers appeared to experience considerable fatigue. It was with no slight degree of pleasure, therefore, that they descried, at a small distance from them, a thick forest of pines, which promised a shelter from the noon-day heat, as well as an opportunity of exploring the contents of their wallet, for the purpose of procuring refreshment. Having arrived there, they dismounted, and their morning's meal, consisting of bread, fruit, cheese, and wine, was soon spread before them, and nearly as soon disappeared before such appetites as a long fast and a fatiguing journey never fail to create. The superior traveller then having desired his servant to lead the mules to a little distance, prepared to take a short slumber previous to resuming his journey.

He had not long resigned himself to sleep, before his ever restless brain began to teem with certain vague and shadowy forms, which at length settled into a vision of consummate beauty. He fancied

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that he beheld a beautiful female figure bending over and gazing at him, while her features were expressive of the utmost astonishment and delight. Once she appeared to speak, and the wonder with which he beheld the exquisite loveliness of her form and features, was lost in that excited by the ravishing melody of her voice. He extended his hand towards her, and endeavoured to grasp her own; she gently eluded him, smiled, and dropping a small scroll of paper, vanished from his sight, while our traveller, with the effort which he made to reach the scroll, suddenly awoke.

He started on his feet, scarcely believing that what he had seen could have been a dream, so strong and vivid was the impression which it had made on his senses; but his wonder was wound up to the highest pitch at perceiving a scroll exactly resembling that which he had seen in his dream, lying at his feet. He snatched it up eagerly, and read the following lines:—

Eyes, ye mortal stars, which shed
Fatal influence on my head;
Bidding me in omens know
That to you my death I owe;
If when clos'd ye've power to slay,
Hide me from your op'ning ray.

Doubting the evidence of his senses, he read the scroll over and over again, before he thought of calling his servant, and endeavouring to gather

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from him such particulars as might assist him in unravelling the mystery. The account which he received from his domestic only involved him in new perplexities. From him he learned, that, during his slumber, a carriage containing two elegantly dressed females, had stopped close to the place where his master was sleeping; that the youngest of the two (whose description, as related by the servant, corresponded in the most minute particulars with the figure which he had seen in his dream) alighted, and after gazing for some time on the handsome sleeper, addressed certain interrogatories to the domestic, which, from his ignorance of the language in which they were conveyed, he was unable to comprehend, or to answer; that she then hastily wrote some lines on a scroll, which she threw at his master's feet, and seeing the latter move, re-entered the carriage, which immediately drove off with the utmost rapidity.

"You would know her again, Horatio?" inquired the wondering traveller. "Ay, sir," returned the other, "even were her beautiful face veiled; let her but utter three words, and I shall remember her voice. Not even when I saw the Lady Alice Egerton play in the masque at Ludlow Castle, and heard her in her song call on echo, till I wondered how so sweet an invitation could be resisted, did I feel my soul stealing out at my ears

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so delightfully; for even she, craving your honour's pardon, was but a chirruping wren to this Italian nightingale." "Saddle the mules instantly," interrupted his master; "let us lose no time in overtaking her." "Oh! sir, that were a fruitless chase, for the carriage has had a long start before us, besides being drawn by four of the fleetest horses in Italy." "Nevertheless, speed will do no harm, Horatio; and unless we travel at a quicker pace than that at which we have been proceeding this morning, I shall scarcely reach Rome in time for the Cardinal Barberinis' concert to-morrow evening."

They accordingly resumed their journey; the ci-devant sleeper, much marvelling at the extraordinary incident of the day, and puzzling his brains, (for he was deeply learned in metaphysics,) to account for the phenomenon by which that which was hidden from his visual organs, was revealed to his "mind's eye," during the hour of slumber. He was, however, unable to arrive at any more satisfactory conclusion than that contained in two lines of his favourite author, which he uttered aloud, turning round to his valet:—

> "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
> Than are dreamed of in our philosophy."

They now travelled with the utmost expedition; but as our readers will have guessed, from the information of Horatio, without overtaking the fair

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and mysterious fugitive. Nothing occurred during the remainder of their journey, beyond the usual routine of eating, drinking, sleeping, travelling, and sometimes the necessity, however unpleasant, of dispensing with the three former items, until they arrived at Rome. Here our traveller's first care was to find out the residence of his friend Holstenius, who was then keeper of the Vatican library, and with whom he had become acquainted at Oxford, where the Italian had resided for three years. The meeting of the friends was cordial and affectionate. "But we have no time to lose," said Holstenius, "the cardinal's concert has already commenced, and he is in the utmost anxiety to see you: you will there find a distinguished party, who are drawn together principally in the expectation of meeting you." "I fear," said the Englishman, half smiling, and at the same time lowering his brow, as at the present day is done by literary men, when they feel, or affect to feel, offended at being made what they call 'a show of,' "I fear that the attraction will cease, when the cause of it is seen and known. But who are these friends, Holstenius, to whom I am to be exhibited?" "Among others, to the Marquis Villa, who has just arrived from Naples," said the other. "What! Manso?" exclaimed the Englishman, his features brightening as he spoke, "the friend of the illustrious Tasso?" "The same," resumed

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Holstenius; "also the poets Selvaggi and Salsilli; the famous Grotius, the Swedish ambassador to the court of France, who is here on a visit to his eminence, and whom I believe you met at Paris; the Duke de Pagliano, and the Count de Vivaldi; Adriana of Mantua, (sister to the poet Basil,) and her daughter Leonora Baroni, who are reported to be the finest singers in the world, have arrived at Rome expressly to be present at this entertainment."

The momentary gloom which had gathered on the Englishman's features was immediately dispersed, and he expressed the utmost delight at the prospect of mingling with the lofty spirits who were assembled under the Cardinal Barberini's roof. After having suitably attired themselves, the friends were not long in finding their way to the cardinal's palace. Here they found the illustrious owner, although nephew to the ruling pontiff, and possessing under him the whole delegated sovereignty of Rome, anxiously looking amongst the crowd at the door, for his transalpine guest. When he recognised Holstenius and his friend, he darted out, and grasping the latter by the hand, heartily bade him welcome. He then led him up a magnificent staircase, lined with attendants in the most gorgeous liveries, and blazing with innumerable lamps, until he arrived at the splendid saloon in which the distinguished company were assem-

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bled. Here, after a momentary pause, he elevated his voice, and announced, in an exulting tone, to the anxious auditory, the presence of "*il Signor Milton.*" "Onor a l' altissiomo poeta!" exclaimed a hundred voices. Fair hands strewed flowers upon his head, and noble palms were extended, emulous of his grasp. The learned and the famous, the rich, and the young, and the beautiful, all crowded with expressions of admiration and delight, around the illustrious Englishman. The poet Salsilli, was the first who gained possession of Milton's hand, and fixing upon him a stedfast look, he recited, in a loud voice, the following lines:—

Meles and Mincius! now more humbly glide,
Tasso's Sebetus! now resign thy pride;
Supreme of rivers, Thames henceforth shall be,
His Milton makes him equal to the three!

At this unexpected sally, the place rang with applauses, which had scarcely subsided, before a voice from the other end of the room, which was recognized to be that of the poet Salvaggi, exclaimed:—

Greece! vaunt your Homer's—Rome! your Maro's fame;
England, in Milton, boasts an equal name.

The thunders of applause were redoubled, and Milton began to feel himself under some embarrassment as to the mode of returning such extraordinary and unexpected compliments, when he was relieved by his entertainer begging him to seat himself by him, and entering into close conversa-

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tion with him. "I am told, Mr. Milton," said the cardinal, "that you are a proficient in the divine art of music." "I can claim but a slender acquaintance with the science," answered the poet, "but I have ever been peculiarly susceptible of its power, and have found my feelings swayed by it in an extraordinary manner on more than one occasion. To my father, who was deeply accomplished in the science, and to my friend and countryman, Henry Lawes, whose fame, I believe, is not unknown even in this classic land of song, I am indebted for what little knowledge I may possess." "Nay, nay, Mr. Milton, your knowledge is somewhat greater than you will allow. The celebrated Leonora Baroni, who has just left the room, but will soon re-enter it, had, shortly before your arrival, delighted the company by the exquisite manner in which she sang a divine melody, composed by herself, to suit some still diviner words of your's, which fully prove that you have the soul and the feelings of the most inspired musician." He then recited with energy and propriety, although with a strong foreign accent, the following lines :—

"Blest pair of syrens, pledges of heaven's joy,
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, voice and verse,
Wed your divine sounds, and mixed pow'r employ,
Dead things with inbreath'd sense able to pierce;
And to our high-raised phantasy present
That undisturbed song of pure consent;

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Ay, sung before the sapphire colour'd throne
To him that sits thereon,
With saintly sound and solemn jubilee;
Where the bright seraphim in burning row,
Their loud uplifted angel trumpets blow;
And the cherubic host, in thousand quires,
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just spirits that wear victorious palms
Hymns devout and holy psalms,
Singing everlastingly."

The conversation between the cardinal and his illustrious guest was here interrupted by the entrance of Adriana of Mantua, and her daughter, Leonora Baroni. Milton's heart throbbed, and he drew his breath thickly, as he fancied that he recognized, in the figure of the latter, the fair one who had brightened his dreams among the Appenines. The first glimpse of her face confirmed him in the idea, and he was about to rush to the harp at which she had seated herself, and the strings of which she was trying, when a moment's reflection convinced him of the impropriety of such a proceeding. The resemblance might be accidental, or it might be produced merely by his own heated imagination. At length she struck the strings, and played a low, sweet prelude, with such exquisite delicacy, and yet such masterly execution, that the whole company were entranced in wonder, and none more so than the poet. She then raised her voice, whose divine tones thrilled to his very soul. The air was her own composi-

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tion, and of matchless beauty; but what was his astonishment at recognizing in the poetry to which it was adapted, the very words which were inscribed upon the scroll.

He arose from his seat, and approached the beautiful songstress. Like his own Adam, he "hung over her enamoured." He forgot his hopes, his ambition, his travels, the place in which he was; he forgot even the extraordinary way in which he first became acquainted with her. The recollection of all was lost in the intense delight with which he listened to the flood of melody which she was pouring forth. At length she came to the concluding verses of the madrigal:

> "If when clos'd you've power to slay,
> Hide me from your opening ray."

As she warbled the last line, she turned her head, and beheld the bright blue eyes of the poet, as though his whole soul was concentered in those two orbs, gazing upon her. A slight tremor shook her frame; a deadly paleness overspread her face, and she sank senseless on the ground.

This incident created general confusion. The whole company crowded round the harp, and beheld the beautiful Leonora, pale and senseless, in the arms of the poet, while her mother was chafing her temples in an agony of distress. At length, Milton and Adriana succeeded in conveying her out of the room into the open air. It was a bright

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and beautiful night. The moon was riding high, shedding an occasional mild, pale light, on the waters of the Tiber, the venerable monuments of the eternal city, which frowned upon its banks, and the lofty summits of the Appenines towering in the distance. The night wind crept from leaf to leaf, and gently agitated the waters of the river, while, from a neighbouring grove the notes of the nightingale were borne upon the breeze. The genial influence of the air, and the fragrance of a thousand odorous flowers, which bloomed around, soon revived Leonora. The first object she beheld, on opening her eyes, were those "mortal stars," which had been the cause of this confusion. A smile played on her lip, although a deep blush overspread her cheeks, as she said to Milton, "I believe, sir, we have met before, and I hope you will pardon the inconsiderate folly of an enthusiastic girl." "Talk not of pardon," interrupted the poet, "divine Leonora, talk of joy—of rapture. The heavenly form which I fancied an insubstantial vision, is corporeal—is vital, and I hold it in my arms."

We believe the lady blushed, and gently disengaged herself, according to the received dicta of decorum in such cases. The poet, however, still retained enough favor in her eyes, and in those of her mother, to be allowed to accompany them home, and to obtain permission to call upon them

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on the following morning. "And may I," said Adriana, as the poet was taking his leave, "beg to know, Signor, to whom we are so greatly indebted?" "My name," he answered, "is Milton." "Milton!" exclaimed both ladies, as with a deep feeling of awe they retreated for a few paces, and then, with a deeper feeling of enthusiastic admiration, advanced, and each took hold of one of his hands. A deeper blush suffused the face of the beautiful Leonora, at recognizing, in the handsome sleeper, the mighty poet, by whose writings she had been spell-bound for many an hour of intense and delighted interest. He had not yet given to the world his master work, and this rendered the high encomiums of Salvaggi and Salsilli no hyperbole; but that scarcely less glorious emanation of his genius, Comus, as well as L' Allegro, Il Penserosa, Lycidas, and some of his immortal sonnets, had already appeared, and were read, and justly appreciated, both in England and Italy. The permission which he had obtained to appear next day at their residence, was now transformed into something between an injunction and a petition. He then took a reluctant leave, for the purpose of rejoining the assembly at the cardinal's, and apologizing for the absence of the syrens, which was readily excused on the score of the sudden illness of the younger one.

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The remainder of the evening passed without the recurrence of any accident, the record of which would be likely to interest our readers. The poet, whose fine person and fascinating manners had more than confirmed the feelings of admiration, which his divine writings had created, retired, the theme of universal eulogy. He retired, but not to rest—the image of Leonora haunted his waking thoughts, and formed the subject of his dreams; again he fancied himself among the Appenines—again the fairy figure approached and dropped the scroll; again he stretched forth his hand, but more successfully than before—he reached her's; when suddenly the scene changed, and he found himself in the saloon of the Cardinal Barbarini, with the beautiful songstress, pale and senseless, in his arms.

He arose feverish and unrefreshed, and while the divine tones of Leonora's voice seemed to be still ringing in his ears, he seized his pen, and composed the following elegant verses:

TO LEONORA, SINGING AT ROME.

Another Leonora's charms inspir'd
The love that Tasso's phrensied senses fir'd;
More blest had been his fate, were this his age,
And you, the inspirer of his amorous rage.
Oh! had he heard the wonders of your song,
As leads your voice its liquid maze along;
Or seen you in your mother's right, command
The lyre, while rapture wakes beneath your hand;

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> By Pentheus' wildness though his brain were tost,
> Or his worn sense in sullen slumber lost,
> His soul had check'd her wand'rings at the strain;
> The soothing charm had lull'd his stormy brain;
> Or, breathing with creative pow'r, had driven
> Death from his heart, and open'd it to heav'n.

These lines were despatched by the poet, early in the morning, to Leonora, and he himself was not long in following. His second interview with the fair syren was deeply interesting to both. The charms and talents of Leonora made an impression on the heart of the bard, which he found himself unable to control; and in the feelings with which the former now regarded Milton, there was less of admiration for the poet, than of affection for the handsome and accomplished Englishman who sat beside her. Our readers, therefore, will not be surprised to hear, that this visit lasted long, and was quickly succeeded by another and another. The ladies shortly afterwards leaving Rome for Mantua, Milton escorted them to the latter place, and fixed his temporary abode there, where his attention to Leonora became still more marked. The keen apprehension of Adriana soon detected the state of their hearts; and the feelings which the discovery awakened in her own, were by no means of an unmingled character. The accomplishments, both mental and personal, of her daughter's suitor, had gained the admiration and esteem of the mother; but his transalpine birth

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and heretical creed presented an obstacle to the union, which, although to her it did not appear insuperable, would, she feared, be deemed so by other members of the family, and especially by her son. This person, who was an officer in the service of the republic of Venice, was a bigoted adherent to the church of Rome; of fierce and ungovernable passions and accustomed to rule with despotic authority in all the concerns of the family. When, therefore, Milton formally announced himself to Adriana as a suitor for her daughter's hand, she did not affect to disguise her own approbation of the proposal; but informed him that it would be necessary that Leonora's relations, and especially her brother, should be consulted. Milton, who was not ignorant of the temper and character of the soldier, felt much chagrined at this intelligence; but prepared to take a journey to Venice immediately, for the purpose of advocating his suit in person. The entreaties of Adriana, who anticipated dangerous, if not fatal consequences from a proceeding so abrupt, induced him to relinquish his design. She undertook to break the matter, by degrees, to her son; but as she had no doubt that the first intelligence would bring him, foaming with fury, to Mantua, she advised Milton to withdraw himself for a short time from that city. This advice Milton determined to adopt, especially as he had lately received several pressing invitations

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from the Marquis Villa, to visit him at Naples. His parting interview with Leonora, was of the most tender description. Vows of eternal fidelity were made on both sides, and sighs and tears and protestations were lavished with even more than amatory prodigality.

At Naples, the poet was received with open arms by Manso. This fine old man, who had been the friend and patron of Marino and of Tasso, bestowed on the still more illustrious bard who now visited him, the most flattering marks of distinction. He acted as his *cicérone* during his stay in Naples, conducting him through the viceroy's palace, and all the other public buildings which usually attract the notice of strangers; and also introduced him to the circle of his friends, comprising the most illustrious and distinguished men in Naples. The manners and conversation of Milton were such as to make him a welcome guest wherever he went; and to Manso, in particular, the poet's society became every day more fascinating. That he was a heretic, appeared to him to be his only fault; and this he considered as more a misfortune than a crime. Manso's epigram on this subject is well known.

> "With mind, form, manners, face, did faith agree,
> No Angle, but an Angel would'st thou be."

The attractions of the society and scenery of Naples, did not make Milton forgetful of Leonora. He wrote to her often, and fervently; and it was

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from this place that he addressed to her those beautiful Italian sonnets, which we find among his poems. To these he received the most tender replies, accompanied, however, with the unwelcome intelligence, that her brother had declared himself hostile to their union, and had uttered threats of personal violence to Milton if he persisted in his suit. The poet, in answer, renewed his protestations of unaltered love, and declared his determination never to resign her but with his life. He told her that her brother's threats could not daunt him; and that his heart, although easily subdued by love, was bold enough to encounter any danger.

Milton continued to reside at Naples for about a month, during which no event occurred worth recording, except that one night, as he was returning to his own lodgings from the palace of the marquis, he received a wound in the back from a stiletto. He hastily drew his sword and faced his adversary, whom he found to be a tall, thin figure, in a mask. The contest was short, and would have proved fatal to Milton, for the assassin was his superior both in strength and skill, had not a party of the police come up just as he was on the point of being overpowered. The villain made one desperate but unsuccessful aim at Milton's breast, and then fled with incredible speed. His pursuers were unable to overtake him, but his mask

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having dropped off during the contest, it was hoped that he might yet be identified and secured. A strict search was set on foot the following day, but no trace of him could be discovered. Milton's wound was slight, and soon healed; and the only consequence of this encounter was a determination on his part, whenever he ventured into the streets of Naples at so late an hour, to go less ostentatiously ornamented; for he had worn, suspended round his neck by a gold chain, a portrait of Manso, set in diamonds, which had been presented to him by that nobleman, and which he had no doubt had tempted the cupidity of the robber.

Our poet had passed a whole fortnight without receiving any letters from Leonora, although he had, during that period, written repeatedly and anxiously to her. Dreading the worst from her brother's violence, he determined to proceed immediately to Mantua. He took a sorrowful leave of his friends in Naples, especially of Manso, with whom he left, as a parting gift, those fine Latin verses, in which he has immortalized his noble friend.

On his arrival at Mantua, he hastened to the residence of Adriana. He inquired if Leonora was within, and heard with rapture that she was in the little apartment, which was called her music room. He resisted the anxious importunities of the domestic who admitted him, to suffer him to

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announce him, determining to enjoy the surprise which his arrival would occasion. He softly ascended the stair-case, and arrived at the door of her apartment; as he approached, he heard sighs and weeping; the door was half open, and as he gently leaned forward, he was surprised at seeing a tall, thin male figure, seated by the side of Leonora. His surprise was changed into horror, as on looking in his face, he recognized the features of the assassin who had assaulted him in the street of Naples. He grasped his sword, and was about to spring upon him, fearing that he would commit some violence on Leonora, when he saw the latter take the assassin's hand, and kiss it fervently; horror rooted his feet to the ground. He drew his mantle closely over his face, so as to cover every part of it except the eyes, while he listened, in breathless anxiety, to the following dialogue:—

"Why," said Leonora, "why will you talk thus cruelly? If you love me no longer, at least pity me?" "Pity one so utterly lost; even heaven itself, all merciful as it is, withholds its pity from the damned." "Alas!" she sobbed, "I have committed no crime." "No crime," he exclaimed, "call you it no crime to love a wretch like this?—an Englishman—a heretic—one who has even visited the infamous Galileo in his dungeon." "And yet, Antoniæ," she said, "he is

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brave, and wise, and kind, and generous; can it be a crime to love such an one, dear *brother?*"

Milton started:—Antoniæ turned round; the poet, placed in a dark recess. with his face and form muffled in his cloak, would have escaped his observation, but his eyes flashing with the fires of fury and horror, arrested the attention of the bravo. "Tis he, 'tis he," exclaimed the latter, "I know that fiend-like glare; hell and heresy are in it. Unhand me, sister, or by heaven, the stiletto, when it enters his breast, shall be reeking warm from your own." He sprung, like an emancipated tiger, from the grasp of his sister, and rushed towards Milton, "Oh, spare him! save him!" exclaimed Leonora. She rushed between them as the stiletto was raised in the act to strike, and her bosom formed at once a shield for that of Milton, and a sheath for the fatal weapon.

She sunk upon the ground, bathed in blood. Even the monster who was the author of this tragedy was moved. "Support her," he said to Milton, "help me to hold her up." "It is in vain—it is in vain," shrieked the poet. He clasped her hand, and gazed earnestly in her face; she fixed her eyes upon his, until they closed; one gentle pressure of his hand—one slight quivering of her lips, and then the temple of her immortal spirit was an uninhabited ruin. Antoniæ fled, howling, from the chamber of death, and

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Milton sunk upon the bosom of the murdered beauty.

We have but little to add. The feelings of the unhappy Adriana may be better conceived than expressed; she survived her daughter but twelve months, and ended her days in a convent. Milton, when the first paroxysm of grief had subsided, resolved to travel into Italy and Greece, in order to divert his melancholy. The troubles, however, which just then broke out in England, made him abandon this design, and return to his native country; "for I esteemed it," he says, "dishonourable for me to be lingering abroad, even for the improvement of my mind, when my fellow citizens were contending for their liberty at home."

The death of Leonora made a deep impression on the minds of all classes, and the superstitious used to dwell with awe on the extraordinary fulfilment of the prophecy contained in the verses she had inscribed on the scroll. Those "mortal stars" had literally proved the cause of all her ills, and ultimately of her death, and the eyes of Milton were for a long time compared to the heel of Achilles, as the only part neglected, and the part which was destined to prove fatal.

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ROYAL NUPTIALS.

"Sylph-like her form, yet stately as the pine—
The imperial sharer of Wilkrame's throne."

MICHAEL FEDOROWITZ, Czar of all the Russias, was son to Philaretes, Bishop of Rostow; his mother was a lineal descendant of the ancient sovereigns of Russia.—Demetrius, a tyrannical usurper, sent Philaretes ambassador to Poland, where he was detained prisoner, under pretence that his countrymen were, not long before, in rebellion against King Uladislaus. This outrage was unquestionably sanctioned by Demetrius; for he confined the wife of Philaretes in a nunnery. But the boyars entertained such a high veneration for the bishop and his spouse, that they unanimously elected their son, Michael Fedorowitz, to be their emperor, though he was not more than fifteen years of age. Philaretes, being exchanged for some Polish captives, was by his son appointed patriarch of the church; and with great wisdom and prosperity assisted the inexperience of the youthful czar, in exercising the functions of royalty.

Michael governed Russia thirty-three years; and the firmness of his administration, tempered by leniency, established his power; while happiness and peace, long unknown, endeared him to the people. Desirous of choosing a consort on the

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ground of personal attachment, the czar gave orders to collect at Moscow a vast number of fat cattle and poultry, and to provide game and fish, to be frozen and stored in the commencement of winter, with all other necessaries for entertaining a crowd of guests at the palace. At the same time, he issued proclamations throughout the empire, inviting, or, in other words, commanding all the young and beautiful maidens in his dominions to repair to the court. Michael visited his fair subjects as an easy guest at private parties; or presided at royal feasts and balls for their amusement. When the weather permitted a return to their respective homes, they were dismissed with gifts becoming regal munificence; and the lady who was honoured by preference, was informed of her elevation by the czar sending to her a superb wedding robe. The lady's name was Strechen;—her father was ploughing his farm when he received the announcement that he was destined to be the father-in-law of the emperor.

Alexius succeeded his father Michael; and though unfortunate in his wars with Sweden, he was a prince of eminent genius. He promoted agriculture; introduced silk and linen manufactures; and endeavoured to excite in his boyars a taste for the arts and sciences, giving them an example in his own studies, and patronizing literature, with all the branches of useful knowledge

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which had travelled to northern Europe. He instituted and published a code of laws, still referred to in the jurisprudence of Russia; and he greatly improved his army by establishing a regular system of discipline. He chose his first wife in the same manner as his father, and was married in his seventeenth year. In ten years he was a widower; and twenty months had not elapsed, before the fairest in his extensive realms were submitted to his election. His affections were fixed on a beautiful orphan, named Natalia Kesilowna Narishkin. This historical *trait d'amour*, which has more the air of romance than of the sober pace appropriate to hymeneal engagements in real life, is little known out of Russia, unless by foreigners who have made curious inquiries concerning the ancient manners of that singular region.

Alexius purposed to win the heart of an amiable woman for his own sake; and with this aim laid aside every mark of extrinsic advantage, while he made a circuit some considerable way from Moscow, or visited the middle classes in the city, as an herbalist in search of medicinal plants; a naturalist anxious to explore the salt-pits of Astracan; or one of the literati in quest of MSS. of ancient history, said to be preserved in the huts of the boors. Sometimes the czar passed as a trader in morocco leather from Kasan, or a learned teacher belonging to one of the numerous schools esta-

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blished in that country, at a very early period. A small band of trusty attendants followed at short distances; and without confining his ulterior views, he gathered from them much information concerning the families he visited, and regarding the actual state of his people. Many months rolled on in these incognito peregrinations, and our royal Cœlebs in search of a wife almost despaired of success, when the accomplishment of his most sanguine hopes appeared in the form of transcendant beauty, and intellectual graces, seldom known in a barbarous age. A gentleman, named Matweof, had been often serviceable by furnishing suggestions for the improvement of various schemes adopted by the czar, to correct the rugged ignorance of his subjects; and having returned to Moscow, the sovereign recollected that he ought to bestow on this worthy man of science, the distinction of a visit, though his family consisted only of sons. While revolving these thoughts, as he walked alone on the banks of the Moskwa, near the city, he saw Matweof within call, and accosted him. After the first saluations, the czar said, "Matweof, if thou hast no strangers at thy house, I will dine with thee to-day." "My liege, I have not even my sons at home; they are dispersed to different occupations: I have only my wife, and the sweet child of a deceased friend." "Depend on me as your guest; but mark me—you must not

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tell even your wife my real name. Let me pass as a merchant." "A merchant of Kasan, so please your highness." "Be it so; and take care to treat me as such only."

Matweof, when overtaken by the czar, was on his way to ask a merchant of Kasan to spend the day with him, and had desired his wife to prepare for his reception. It may be supposed that he deferred this engagement, and the czar was received by Madame Matweof as the expected trader. He was ushered to the dining hall by Matweof; and his surprise and pleasure were unbounded, when he saw a young and beautiful girl, towering far above the stature of his hostess. "I fancied your ward was a child," said the reputed merchant of Kasan. "She is not fifteen," answered the bustling hostess; "and the longer she is tractable to good advice as a child, the wiser must she be when we regard her as a woman. I was good eight years older than she is now, before I gave my vows to Matweof; and till an hour within the change of my condition, I was called a child."

The czar employed his eyes more than his ears, while Madame Matweof gave him a specimen of the wisdom acquired in her protracted childhood. We shall leave his majesty to admire the blushing Natalia, and try to give the corteous reader some idea of her protectress. Madame Matweof was a ow sized, corpulent person, but very lively and

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active; and more than commonly addicted to fluency of language, as she piqued herself not a little on the smattering of knowledge she had acquired on a diversity of topics, during thirty-four years, in domesticating with the most intelligent gentleman in the vast city of Moscow. The courtly stranger paid to her all due attention; yet his eyes frequently reverted to the lovely features of her ward, who, in the simple garb of her own country, dazzled his imagination more than the proudest that, in embroidery, ermine, and jewels, sparkled within the precincts of the Kremlin.

The fine contour of Natalia's face was partly shaded by curling ringlets of pale, brown hair, encircled by a wreath of ivy leaves, intermingled with a few garden flowers. The crown of her head was covered by a cap of black velvet, which at the same age probably had been worn by her grandmother, for it was rather threadbare; and the band of gold lace surrounding the middle of this *coiffure*, was evidently tarnished by unsparing time. A short robe of fine white linen, almost after the model of a chemise, with long and wide sleeves, and drawn up to the shoulders by stripes of taffety of the same texture, with a rose coloured sash, which, compressing the linen robe, showed the elegance of her waist. The skirts of her linen robe hung down half way over a many-coloured and checkered petticoat, reaching no

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farther than the calf of her leg, and displaying the delicate symmetry of her ancle and feet. The hem of the checkered petticoat had a border of old lace, seemingly coeval with the bandeau on her black velvet cap; her stockings of bright blue, were topped with circles of rose colour, corresponding to her sash; and her shoes of Kasan leather, were tied with stripes of rose-coloured taffety. The checkered silk handkerchief on her neck had a faded resemblance to the hues of which the rest of her dress was composed; and three rows of glass beads hung on her bosom, with an image of St. Nicholas in silver, of curious antique workmanship, appended to the upper row of beads —this image being apparently the only relic of former affluence undecayed by the altered fortunes of her house. How exquisite must have been the personal and mental attractions which subdued the heart of a mighty potentate, accustomed to all the glare of Asiatic magnificence, and now beholding Natalia in a garniture of poverty that his lowest attendant would have disdained to wear.

The czar, according to his masquerade designation, was habited in a loose coat, of brown cloth, drawn about his loins by a girdle of rich purple silk. His long and wide trowsers were of orange-coloured Indian cotton; and he wore Kasan leather boots, without stockings. A silver-hilted sci-

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mitar was suspended by a shoulder belt of yellow leather on one side; and on the other, under his arm, a pouch of lynx skin, fastened by silver clasps, contained his money, or other portable valuables. His shirt was nearly shaped like Natalia's chemise robe, and left open at the throat, to allow full scope to his ample beard, a shade darker than Natalia's ringlets. His figure was tall and handsome; and his regular, manly features, expressed a benevolent, yet energetic character.

An old man and woman brought every dish to the door of the dining hall; and, under the direction of Madame Matweof, they were placed on the table by Natalia. "I pray you to be seated, my thrice welcomed friend," said Matweof; "the beluga cools fast." "The dinner appears to be excellent," replied the guest; "but its relish will be lost to me if these ladies stand aloof, as they seem to intend." "Never mind us," said Madame Matweof; "I have no platters at home, except those you see on the table. Neighbour Dubrowski borrowed them yesterday, for her daughter's wedding-feast; and all our servants are lending her a helping hand, but our old gardener and his wife. I sent, this forenoon, for a few of my platters, and one or two of my women; however, my good neighbour said it would be inconvenient to spare them, and it would be ill luck to change her plan. I have no faith in silly omens; but would

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not vex an old friend by making her wait till you are done."

The czar was gratified by this unceremonious proof, that Matweof had not divulged his secret; and he gayly responded. "What signifies the want of platters, my good lady? You can eat with your husband, and the fair damsel will confer a zest on the nice viands by condescending to share them with me."—"Indeed, I am not in the least anxious for dinner," replied Natalia; "and, as the servants are absent, shall with pleasure wait on you and my friends." "Yet I warrant you," interposed Madame Matweof, "that if you unroll a musty parchment with historical records from the south-east of your country, she would be eager to devour it with all her eyes." Natalia smiled, and the czar rising, drew her gently to a seat beside him. Having prevailed with her to partake of the repast, he looked to Matweof, saying: "So your fair ward can read and write; these are rare attainments!" Madame Matweof, more prompt in verbiage than her husband, replied: "To be sure! she reads and writes so well that she might be chief secretary to the czar; (St. Nicholas bless and prosper him!) and yet her distaff produces more yarn than any girl I know: she wastes not a moment from dawn to a late hour at night, and was a mere infant when she learnt to use her pen." Natalia's blushes in vain deprecated these encomi-

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ums; but Madame Matweof persisted, till in a low voice she mildly interrupted her protectress, saying, "I owe all to you, who had the goodness to teach me every kind of work; and my indulgent guardian, who took the trouble of directing me to use the pen."—"My dear child!" said Matweof, "you gave me no trouble, since you really learned faster than I could find leisure to afford you instruction."

The czar, enraptured, eyed the eloquent looks of Natalia, in this affectionate discussion of her early studies. Matweof observed that he ate very little, but would not presume to urge the royal appetite; while the assiduous hostess, quite ignorant of his high quality, upbraided her husband for neglecting his guest, and, stretching her large arms, and protruding her broad face over the table, heaped his plate with choice bits. Her amplitude of countenance was the more remarkable in contrast with the delicate features of Natalia; and the matronly costume of Russia in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, required the hair to be gathered upon the summit of the head, and wholly covered by a black velvet cap. Madame Matweof's cap was of massive and new velvet, with two bandeaus of broad and brilliant gold lace. The rest of her attire resembled that of Natalia, except that the materials were much finer, and of recent date. Matweof saw that his wife taxed the

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czar's good nature by frequent interruptions to his conversation with Natalia; he therefore overcame his habitual taciturnity, and engaged her in talking to himself; but the exhaustless tide of her volubility was sometimes diverted from the conjugal auditor, to recommend the rye cakes and honey, the metheglin and rye brandy, to the merchant of Kasan; and she could hardly suppress her impatient wonder that he would neither eat nor drink, and yet loitered over his platter and cup as if he never wished to leave the table. In truth, he was intent on taking the dimensions of Natalia's understanding, and penetrating every recess of her disposition, by agitating a great variety of subjects, on which she spoke with artless freedom and unassuming intelligence, little aware of the impression she made, or of the identity of him who listened and looked as if he could be riveted to her side. Madame Matweof at length said, she must see what the old folks were about; and beckoning to Natalia, they disappeared together. "That sweet maiden must be a treasure to thee," said the czar. "She is the balsam of my declining years. Now that my sight is impaired, she reads to me; and when the shades of evening suspend the delights of study, she assists my failing memory, by recapitulating what we have gathered from the stores of the learned." "Thou shouldst transfer her to the cherishing bosom of a good husband: while young

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and pliant, she can accommodate herself to his peculiarities, and all men, more or less, have peculiar habits." "My liege, she is too good for a sick nurse, to tend the couch of an old fellow that has married her to secure for himself her patient, diligent cares; and may my child go unmarried to the grave, rather than bind herself to a young, giddy pate, wildly enamoured of her beauty, who will worship her for some weeks, and then behave as if he had purchased a bondwoman, and not a wife. I will not leave her unportioned; and I pray she may live single, if she is not destined for a spouse that can appreciate her merits." "I will help thee in searching for a tender guardian of Natalia's happiness; but I should not like to find her averse to my choice, and partial to another." "I am certain she has never bestowed a thought on any of the sex; she knows my fears of making her over to a tyrant, and is strongly prepossessed against matrimony. She is perfectly satisfied to take refuge in a convent when my wife and I are no more." "Good; I shall be thy guest again in four days, and in the mean time let us omit no exertion in behalf of the fair Natalia."

In the evening, Matweof called for the real merchant of Kasan, and found a note from him, purporting that he had received a sudden call to deliver a large quantity of goods, but he had taken upon himself to introduce the son of a wealthy

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correspondent at Astracan. The young gentleman was intrusted to deliver this note, and promised to dine with Matweof the following day.

Natalia's estimation of the supposed trader of Kasan was greatly enhanced by a comparison with the awkward affectation of this self-important coxcomb. He was at no pains to conceal that he knew himself to be very handsome; and spoke of his father's opulence, as if he inherited from it all kinds of talents and virtues. He quaffed rye-brandy till he became intoxicated, and so familiar that Natalia left the room. He insisted on seeing her again, and made downright proposals of marriage. Madame Matweof considered him to be a match too splendid to be lost, and compelled Natalia to return, and hear him plead for himself. She answered with a decided rejection; and Matweof internally applauded her good sense and spirit, though he deemed it right to leave her at entire liberty to accept or decline the offer.

The czar came on the fourth day as he promised. Matweof took care to intercept him by the way, to mention that his wife and Natalia believed the young blade from Astracan to be the son of his partner. Alexius said he would answer them in conformity to that notion, if they asked any questions. Matweof was insensibly led to communicate the precipitate wooing of the conceited youth, and Natalia's inflexible rejection, with which the

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czar seemed more pleased than he allowed himself to declare; especially when informed that the fair damsel withstood the solicitations of Madame Matweof in behalf of the worthy admirer; and with respectful determination had affirmed she was ready to go to a convent, but could not give herself to a man whose foibles must excite her contempt. During several weeks the czar was a frequent visiter; and his attentions to Natalia were received with a timid embarrassment, from which he drew the most delightful inferences. One day after dinner, he took from his bosom an embroidered silk handkerchief, and, unfolding it, showed three strings of amber beads, to which was affixed a golden image of St. Nicholas. He presented these tempting gifts to Natalia, and made an effort to untie the faded wrap on her neck. She recoiled with an indignant suffusion overspreading her face, and, in a tremulous voice, said,—"If such must be the terms of your present, take it back. Even our good and great sovereign lord, the czar, would not find me passive, under an insult so degrading." "You will pardon a stranger to the customs of your province, fair damsel, if he has unwittingly trespassed against them; and be not angry, though I add, that you know not how the czar might prevail, unless you had seen him." "Natalia, my dear child," said Matweof, "you will surely accept the apology of a stranger."

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Natalia wiped away her tears, and smiled, and the czar questioned—"Have you seen the czar, fair damsel?" "Never, never; but I shall never cease to invoke blessings on his name." "What has he done to deserve such fervent predilections? have you owed him any benefit?" "He has done more for Russia than Iwan Basiledes, who took three hundred cart loads of silver from the Duke of Novogorod, and conquered his province. The spoils of the enemy enriched only the court circle: our gracious czar hath made the mass of his people wiser and better; therefore they are much happier." "Yet you would not allow him to uncover your lovely neck!" "He is too truly the father of his subjects to require from a poor girl the sacrifice of her self-respect." "I now commend your spirit, my child," said Madame Matweof; "but it is proper to tell the stranger gentleman, that it is only the privilege of an accepted lover to untie the knot he attempted to loose." "I humbly crave forgiveness," said the czar. "Indeed, you have cruelly vexed me," answered Natalia; "I esteemed you as one of the best men in the world —always excepting our sovereign lord, Alexius." "Now, you are ready to be in tears again; come away, and bustle about to forget an affront which was not intended."

So speaking, Madame Matweof retired with Natalia, and the czar said, "It is time to ask thee,

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Matweof, if thou hast found a mate for thy pretty, apprehensive dove." "None, my liege, except the young Eastern she has dismissed." "I have been more successful; I know an admirer who will take Natalia without any dowry but her own charms." "God and St. Nicholas reward your highness! My utmost gratitude is a poor offering, but it is ardent and sincere. I shall not presume with inquiries, since your highness will not throw away the girl who has been honoured by your approbation." "Why should I keep thee in suspense, my good Matweof? The husband I have destined for Natalia is myself; if she will be mine, our nuptials shall be celebrated without delay."

Matweof fell at the feet of his sovereign with incoherent bursts of gratitude. The czar desired him to rise and compose his mind; but Matweof said he was now master of his own feelings, and besought his liege lord to grant him a boon. Alexius encouraged him to ask with all freedom; and Matweof resumed—"My sovereign lord! since a faithful and devoted servant is permitted, he most humbly implores your highness not to decide finally in favour of Natalia, until the noble and beautiful of the empire shall present themselves at the Kremlin, in obedience to a royal summons. That I desire the elevation and happiness of my ward cannot be doubted; but it is my duty first to consider the prospects of my most gracious lord. All

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Russia will be gratified to have the daughters of the land entitled to a chance for the most exalted distinction; and if Natalia be still preferred, she may still wait the royal mandate." The czar leaned his forehead on his hand some minutes, and then replied: "It is not by a mandate—it is by her free consent I desire to win Natalia. I wish to talk with her in private; and before you send her hither, let me satisfy your disinterested loyalty by telling you I shall assemble the beauties of the empire, as you have wisely counselled." Matweof brought Natalia to the *soi-disant* merchant, and left her. The merchant declared his love, and with modest grace was accepted, yet in broken and scarcely audible words. After an effusion of tender transport, he subjoined, "But there is news in the city to-day: it is reported that all the beauties of the empire are to be invited to the court by proclamation. My Natalia has required a month to prepare for the change of her condition, and perhaps before that tedious time expires, she may be raised to the throne; and if bereaved of her, life will be hateful to me. If you can resign the chance for royalty, and give me your hand before the public call for appearing at court, it would save me unutterable bitterness of anxiety."—"Never shall Natalia hesitate to spare you anxiety. This poor hand is yours—yours only." "You shall see or hear of me to-morrow, loveliest, most amiable

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Natalia—mine, mine forever! Dearest, I am urged by business to tear myself from you, and for your own precious sake I must despatch the affair."

Early next morning the royal proclamation was heard in all quarters of the city; and the czar sent messengers throughout his dominions, with the same summons to the young and lovely, when he returned to the palace. The heralds in all parts of Moscow performed this office each third hour, during seven days. The merchant came not to see Natalia; and she never suspected that the sounds of the proclamation came from him. He often sent for Matweof, and his heart smote him when informed that Natalia hoped against hope, and though uneasy and dejected, never reflected harshly upon the seeming inconstancy of her lover. When Madame Matweof blamed him, she calmly asserted her confidence in his honour and faith, and was assured he could explain all that seemed mysterious in his conduct. She was very reluctant to appear at court; but the czar must be obeyed. He sent her attire for the occasion; and she wore the embroidered kerchief, the amber beads, and golden image of St. Nicholas, given to her by the mechant of Kasan. Matweof attended her to the palace. The gorgeous magnificence of the scene at first bewildered her senses; and she was stunned by the loud reverberation of some hundred female

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voices, speaking at once in the lofty apartment. But her's was not a mind that could be wholly shaken from its poise, and her thoughts were soon collected, and fixed on the merchant of Kasan. She was roused from a reverie by a flourish of horns—the ancient royal music of Russia. This music was produced in the same style which at the present day is continued in the emperor's band, and in the band of the regiment of guards. The emperor's band consists of three hundred horns, each, by the intervention of the air, vibrating a single note. The performers have no written music, but practice has given them such precision in the modulations, that at some distance the effect may be mistaken for a grand orchestra of instruments. Three prolonged flourishes announced the approach of the czar. Deep silence awaited his appearance. Natalia breathed quick with a variety of confused sensations, in which a dread of being torn from her lover still predominated. She sat as much out of view as could be permitted by the etiquette of the presence-chamber; however, she was obliged to comply with the general order that the young ladies should stand in the front row, and their friends close behind them. The folding doors were thrown open, and in robes of state, embroidered with gold, his girdle and the hilt of his scimetar studded with gems, and a jewelled diadem on his head, the czar entered, followed by a

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multitude of boyars and gentlemen. He smiled and talked to the fair circle as he passed along: yet his eyes were manifestly seeking an object. When he perceived Natalia, he bent his steps towards her, and Matweof whispered to her, "look up, my child, it is against all rules to cast down your eyes when the sovereign draws near. You must look at him, or be guilty of contumelious demeanour."

Natalia was all obedience to her guardian. She directed her regards to the awful figure of supremacy, and instantly recognized her plighted lover. But among the highest born, and the most beautiful, dared she to flatter herself, his heart would acknowledge her? Her energies had been impaired by the uncertainty of her fate since the reputed merchant bade her farewell—her spirits were fluttered by the dazzling novelties around her;—and now, to discover the ruler of her destiny in a sphere so immeasurably above her, was overpowering—her sight and consciousness failed. Matweof was carrying her out in a swoon, when the czar sent an officer of his household to show the way to a private chamber, to which he hastened by a shorter passage. "Shut the door, Matweof," he said, "and open the lattice when you resign to me your lovely burthen. Now stand by to witness the renewal of my vows."

The air soon recovered Natalia. She attempted

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to rise from the embraces of the czar, and to apologize for giving so much trouble. "Do not deny me the innocent joy of holding you in my arms, most beloved Natalia," said the czar. "Say you forgive the cruel proofs of attachment and fidelity I have exacted. I am greatly to blame, and will make all atonement with my heart, my hand, my throne, my whole life: they are yours, my only love. Your colour comes and goes, my charmer; let the air circulate round these swelling veins in your neck. May your Alexius now untie the handkerchief." Natalia's face beamed with the most animated suffusion, as in low accents she breathed a modest assent. The czar pressed her lips, her glowing cheeks, and neck; while Natalia, abashed, confused, and shrinking from these impassioned caresses, implored him to release her; but her transported lover soothed her coy sensibility by the fondest protestations; and concluded by addressing Matweof: "My worthy friend, bear witness that your cherished Natalia is my affianced consort. I must now leave her, and return to the hall; conduct her thither when she has regained composure."

Natalia soon re-appeared in the brilliant circle. A crowd of attendants brought dried fruits, cakes of roses, apricots and peaches, from Damascus: figs and comfits, from Turkey; transparent apples, called *navlineh*, from Astracan; liquors, and numberless delicacies, from the south western regions

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of Europe. The ladies were dismissed with suitable presents, and the bridal robe was sent to Natalia. Never did the sovereign of all the Russias repent having shared his throne with the foster child of Matweof's bounty. Her congenial mind sweetened his domestic hours, and invigorated his public labours to diffuse useful knowledge. She assiduously inculcated the peculiar attributes that ennoble the female character; and was herself a bright example of the virtues and attainments she recommended. To sum up, in a few words, her claim on the everlasting reverence of her country, Natalia was the mother of Peter the Great. She died in child-bed, when Peter was in his eighth year. Alexius survived her no more than five months. After the decease of his parents, his artful, ambitious sister, Sophia, deprived Peter of all opportunities for education, with the design to unfit him for assuming the reins of government. Yet his extraordinary capacity surmounted all impediments; and he was self-taught in acquirements, seldom equalled with all the aids of instruction in the most enlightened era of science. By his stupendous powers and mighty efforts, he raised his empire from barbarism to progressive civilization; and the darker shades that mingle with the splendour of his achievements, should be imputed to the cruel sister, whose selfish policy endeavoured to corrupt and debase his disposition.

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It only remains for us to record, that Natalia repaid the kindness of Matweof with a grateful veneration, truly filial. He and his sons were appointed to places of trust, and acquitted themselves with talent, indefatigable attention, and faithful zeal. Their attachment to Peter, the son of Natalia, exposed them to the rancorous hatred of Sophia. She extirpated their race; but they died as they had lived, with an irreproachable good name.

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HENRY SOMERSET.

"Too long hast thou a wretched wanderer been
O'er boundless waters——"

It was on the close of a fine day, in the fall of the year, when on a visit to a friend, who invited me to pass a week at his country house in Scotland, I walked out to enjoy an evening ramble. The day had been warm, and the breeze that rustled among the leaves with "cooling melody" was inexpressibly grateful. Immense masses of trees, whose fading leaves hung trembling from the branches, ready to be borne away by the next gust, spread their dark brown boundary on every side. To me this time of the year is indescribably beautiful. I love to dwell on those sad and melancholy associations that suggest themselves to the mind, when Nature, in her garb of decay, presents herself to the eye: it reminds me that human pride and human happiness, like the perishing things around us, are hastening rapidly on to their decline; that the spring of life flies; that the summer of manhood passeth away; and that the autumn of our existence lingers but a moment for the winter of death, which shall close it for ever. The light winds that blew over the lake, curled

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its surface in waves that, breaking as they fell, dashed their sparkling foam in showers around. The sun was sinking behind the mountains in the west, and shone from amidst the surrounding clouds; his last rays glittered on the waters, and tinged with a mellow and sombre lustre the embrowned foliage of the trees. The whole scene spoke of peace and tranquillity; and I envy not the bosom of that man who could gaze upon it with one unholy thought, or let one evil feeling intrude on his meditations.

As I proceeded, the beauty of the surrounding objects increased: immense oaks twisted about their gigantic branches, covered with moss; lofty evergreens expanded their dark and gloomy tops, and smaller trees and thick shrubs filled up the spaces between the larger trunks, so as to form an almost impervious mass of wood and foliage. As the evening advanced, imagination took a wider range, and added to the natural embellishments. The obscure outline of the surrounding forest assumed grotesque forms, and fancy was busy in inventing improbabilities, and clothing each ill defined object in her own fairy guises. The blasted and leafless trunk of a lightning-scathed pine would assume the form of some hundred-headed giant, about to hurl destruction on the weaker fashionings of nature. As the point of view varied, the objects would give way to another—and another—

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and another, in all the endless variety of lights and distances: distant castles, chivalric knights, captive damsels and attendants, dwarfs and 'squires, with their concomitant monsters, griffins, dragons, and all the creations of romance, were conjured up by the fairy wand of fantasy. On a sudden, the moon burst forth in all her silvery lustre, and the sight of the reality effectually banished all less substantial visions; thin transparent clouds, so light and fragile, that they seemed scarce to afford a resting place for the moonbeams that trembled on them, glided along the sky; the dense masses that skirted the horizon were fringed with the same radiance, while, rising above them, the evening star twinkled amid its solitary rays. I could not be said to feel pleasure—it was rapture that throbbed in my heart at the view; my cares, my plans, my very existence, were forgotten in the flood of intense emotions that overwhelmed me, at thus beholding, in their pride of loveliness, the works of the Creating Spirit.

I arrived, in my ramble, at a spot which nature seemed to have chosen, to blend all her powers of charming. The dark foliage which grew around, threw a soft and melancholy shade upon the scene; the beautiful wild flowers loaded the air with their simple perfume; while the wind, which here sighed with a deeper murmur, accorded well with the rippling of a brook that rolled over the white

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and shining pebbles, winding along in intricate mazes, till the eye lost its track among the thick underwood, which flourished on its margin. It was a spot which a poet would have hung over with rapture, a painter would have loved to delineate on his canvas, and which an angel might have lingered to gaze upon, and thought it Eden. So intent was I in admiring this natural garden, that it was some time before I perceived a cottage, which reared its thatched roof under the shade of a venerable chesnut, that spread its giant arms far abroad on every side. I wished to know who were inhabitants of this terrestial paradise; I approached, and knocked gently at the door, the threshold of which was embroidered by honeysuckles, that twined around it, and kissed the projecting cottage roof. It was opened by an elderly woman, the very personification of hospitality. She invited me to enter, which I did, after apologizing for my intrusion, and offering my long walk as an excuse for resting myself. I had now an opportunity of observing the interior of the building, or, at least, of the part where I sat. It was a small, low apartment, but the white-washed walls, the clean windows, whose small panes of glass were partly obscured by the shrubs which climbed around them, and the bright rows of well-polished pot-lids, and other culinary utensils, gave an air

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of neatness and industry to the room. Near the fire-place sat an old man, seemingly much oppressed by age and pain, but his welcome was hearty, though unpolished, and his furrowed cheeks and snowy locks gave him a reverend and pleasing appearance. My hostess seemed about fifty; her features were rather of a melancholy cast; a clean cap restrained her gray hair, which time had much thinned, and from her waist hung a pincushion and pair of scissors. She placed refreshments before me, of which I partook most heartily, and answered my questions with civility, and even politeness. After recompensing the aged couple for my entertainment, I at length departed, with many thanks, and renewed apologies for my intrusion. From a farmer in the neighbourhood I inquired concerning this family, and he told me that they had once a son, a most promising young man, their chief, and, indeed, their only delight: he had been pressed on board a ship of war, and, as he had never been since heard of, it was conjectured that he had either fallen in some engagement, or been lost in the waves. He showed me also a likeness of him, which he had received from himself, a great friendship having existed between them; but, as I soon after went to a distant part of the kingdom, I speedily forgot the cottage and its inhabitants. I exchanged the calm repose of the country for the bustle of a seaport town, and the songs of birds

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for the creaking of cordage, and the melody of the boatswain's whistle. One day, turning hastily round the corner of a street, I was struck by the figure of a man, who sought relief from his distress in the charity of his fellow-creatures, but his wan countenance and extended arm alone pleaded for him with mute eloquence. I thought I knew the features, but vainly endeavoured to recollect where; and, giving him a few halfpence, passed on. This idea still haunted me, and I returned in the afternoon, resolving to inquire who he was; but he was not there. The next day, however, I was more successful. He thanked me for my assistance the day before; his name, he told me, was Somerset. It struck me in a moment; it was the son of my old cottagers. I took him home to my lodgings, and, telling him what I knew respecting his family, desired to hear from him the remainder of his history. "It is a narrative of little but misfortunes," he answered, "but if the relation will, in any way, please you, sir, I owe it to your kindness not to refuse:—

The night when I was pressed, I was as one stupified; the next day, however, I became composed. I prevailed on a friend, who had obtained leave to see me, to carry a message to a young woman, whom I was attached to, and to desire her, if possible, to visit me before my departure. He did so, and to the last moment I cherished the hope

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of seeing her; but it was in vain; she did not come, and our vessel set sail. Eleanor, the name of my beloved, was an orphan, the only child of parents, who died when she was in infancy, and who left her to the charge of my mother, the nearest relation she had. We were then about the same age, and like all children living under the same roof, it was not long ere we became as intimate as if we had been brother and sister, and had been in each other's company from our birth. When Eleanor was only five years old, she was the pet of the village; beautiful and intelligent, playful and good humoured, she naturally gained on the ingenuous hearts by which she was surrounded. As she advanced towards womanhood, our infantile attachment grew into friendship, and ripened into love. My parents observed these symptoms with delight, and I had every reason to hope they would soon give their consent to our union. The ruthless hands that tore me from my native home, inflicted a deep stab to my peace of mind; but the neglect of one whom I so tenderly loved, and who was so soon to be my bride, was more cutting than all the rest. I believed her unfaithful; I deemed myself cast off by all mankind, and left unfriended and alone, to traverse over boundless seas. My dejection of spirits, together with the new life I led, destroyed my health, and I lay for weeks a prey to a raging fever, during which I was nursed,

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with the greatest care and attention, by a young man, with whom I had contracted a friendship, on board the ship in which I was. Under his care, I at length recovered, and was allowed to venture on deck, to inhale the refreshing breeze. Here I gazed, with a strange and awful feeling of astonishment, on the immense plain of waters, from which I was separated only by a few boards; and listened, with pleasure, to the rustling of the waves by the side of the vessel, as she cut through the deep. How great, I thought, must be the ingenuity of that being, who can pass in safety over this mighty expanse. But I was shortly to see that ingenuity exerted for purposes, and in a manner, from which the soul revolts.

We were overtaken by a storm, which rapidly increased, and threatened, by its violence, to ingulf us in the waves. To one who has never experienced such a scene, no description could convey an adequate idea of its horrors; and to those who have been so situated, the description would be superfluous. The roaring of the wind, the raging of the waves, the shivering canvas, and the noise of the creaking and straining cordage, can be but faintly imagined by any but those who have known the reality. As night approached, our situation became more dreadful, and darkness added to the other causes of terror. The ship was, for hours together, darted along, and again hurled back, by

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successive waves. At length day broke, and the light of the morning, in some degree, revived our spirits; but the sight of our vessel was, in itself, enough to destroy all hope. She had lost a mast, her rigging was burst and shivered, and the torn sails flapped about in long strips. It seemed that but little chance remained of our weathering the storm, and the captain ordered the boats to be got out; and being speedily obeyed, the crew and the few passengers crowded into them. We left the ship, and in a few moments lost sight of her.

We were now entirely abandoned to the mercy of the elements. A few boards alone separted us from the ocean; we were exposed to the wind, rain, and the waves, and we had but little prospect of escaping death. Added to these evils, our provisions were scanty, and damaged by the water. Our prospects were melancholy enough, and despair sat on every countenance. Each of us gazed at his neighbour, but shuddered at the horror and dismay which met his glance. Some sat in a sullen torpor, whilst others muttered ejaculations of despair, and gazed with wild and intense looks on the waves, which seemed ready to ingulf us on every side.

The storm continued for several days; we were faint and weary with exertion and suffering. Some lay down to endeavour to obtain rest, while others threw out the water which came into the

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boat. A tremendous wave rolled towards us; and the other boat, which had continued to keep at no great distance from us, was instantly swamped, and one of our men washed overboard. The fate of our comrades contributed to increase our misery, for the same fate might every moment overtake the survivors. Our provisions were exhausted, and famine stared us in the face. We chewed the soft leather of our shoes, to deaden the sense of hunger, for every morsel of food had been consumed. One of our number died. He was to be thrown over into the sea. Two sailors laid hold of the body to perform that last sad office to it. A sudden thought seemed to seize their minds; they hesitated, and looked round. It was dreadful; no one spoke, yet every one knew what was meant. The sailors laid the body down; some horrid feeling seemed to agitate every breast, but it could not burst forth in words. It was the deep silence of every one in the boat, the motion of the eye, a certain pervading feeling, which told each man why the body was again placed in the boat, instead of its being committed to its watery grave. At last the captain spoke; but his voice could scarce be heard, amid the raging of the contending elements. "Why is not the body thrown into the sea?" said he; "will you keep him here to rot and decay? or do you wish to satisfy your hunger on the carcass of your fellow?" He laid hold of

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the body, and speaking to a sailor, they lifted it over the side of the boat, and it disappeared.

The weather soon altered, and grew calm. One morning we were greeted with the welcome cry of land. We strained our eyes to see it, and plainly perceived it at a considerable distance. We laboured at our oars, and towards evening arrived at it. With some difficulty we landed, and looked round on a barren and comfortless track of country, principally level, and occasionally interrupted by rocks jutting out of the ground, or an ill-formed and bare tree. We were, however, too much rejoiced to have escaped from the sea, to examine minutely the spot on which we were thrown. Exhausted with continued fatigue, we lay down on the ground, and enjoyed a profound sleep till morning. When we arose from our slumbers, the bleak and cheerless prospect depressed our spirits; we were without either shelter or food, and the latter want pressed us most severely. For five days we had not tasted food. We wandered about in hopes of meeting with something, but there were no traces that might indicate that any living creatures, save ourselves, existed on this barren spot; a few roots, however, rewarded our search, and in some degree satisfied our hunger. We spoke but little, and that little consisted in unavailing repinings. At length, it occurred, that we were totally destitute of any lodging to

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protect us from the rigour of the weather, and we therefore set about looking out for a spot, suitable for erecting some kind of shelter. Two rocks, which were considerably elevated above the level ground, formed an angle which would shelter us on two sides. We stuck our oars in the ground, and stretched on them a large piece of canvas, which had been used as a sail, and which we had brought along with us in the boat. We were uncovered and exposed over head, it was true, but we were safe on ground, and even this most of us considered far preferable to being tost about on the ocean, in a boat which one wave might swallow up for ever. The weather was now fine and dry; the few trees on the island were covered with verdure; and the leaves strewed on the ground, composed our humble beds, and were likewise of greater use in another manner. We contrived, by means of a pistol and a little powder, to light a fire with leaves and branches which we broke off the trees. The scene in the evening, when the mists began to gather around, was highly picturesque. The flame rose in high and curling flashes, threw its red glare over the island, and blazed against the rocks. As it increased, it was reflected on the waves, and extended in a long red blaze over the water. My companions, as they moved about in the light, which showed more plainly their hard and deep marked features,

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seemed like some strange and fearful beings, performing their unhallowed rites. We gradually grew more cheerful, and hope represented to us the chance, that some vessel might pass by, and relieve us from our present desolate situation. Still our condition was wretched, and our food scarce and unwholesome, consisting merely of roots, and the few fish of various kinds that we occasionally found on the shore.

At last our hopes were gratified. An English sloop of war, homeward bound, which touched at the island for fresh water, took us on board. Our joy at this occurrence was without bounds. We were soon, however, to have our spirits damped. One night, when the crew had retired to their hammocks, I had been talking to my friend; I had dropped a few words of anger against my neglectful Eleanor. He sighed deeply; and once, I thought, he was weeping; but I attributed it to his compassion. On a sudden, we were alarmed by a loud call from the mast-head, and a bustling confusion on the deck. I sprang up, for I was then almost recovered from my illness, and went to inquire into the cause of the tumult. One of the sailors pointed out to me a dusky object, which floated on the waves, at a considerable distance, and told me that it was an Algerine frigate, which was bearing down upon us. The uproar had, by this time, subsided, and every one was called to

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his post. My sensations, at this instant, were almost indescribable. In a few moments, I should be called on to face death, and, perhaps, to deprive others of existence. This interval, as it were, between life and death, was filled with an awful feeling; it was not fear, nor hope, but a confused mixture of both, which was augmented and sustained by the silence which prevailed; for the first shot dissipated all feelings but those of energy and activity. The hostile vessel now approached, hove to, and summoned us to surrender. A broadside was the reply; and, in a moment, all was smoke, fire, and destruction. The enemy were much superior to us in strength, and, at length, they boarded us. We fought hand to hand. It would be in vain to describe the horrors of the scene; they can only be imagined by those who have witnessed them. Their captain happened to come near me; I aimed a blow at him, with all my force, which he parried; and my sword broke short in my hand. The barbarian raised his sword to strike me; when my friend, whom I had not seen during the action, sprang between us, and received the stroke which was aimed for me. I caught him as he fell; but that dying shriek—that last expiring glance—that soft pressure—told me all; —it was Eleanor!—Noble, generous, self-devoted being, who, while I was upbraiding her with neglect, had braved all the dangers of a sea life to

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follow me, to nurse me, to watch me, and last, worst, and bitterest—to die for me.

We were taken, and afterwards retaken by an American, by whom we were well treated, and carried to New-York, where we had some clothes and other necessaries given us. Some of my companions remained there, but I wished to return to my native country. I worked for some time as a house carpenter, a trade to which I had once been a little accustomed in England; and, at length, gained sufficient to pay for my passage to England. We put to sea with every prospect of a quick and pleasing voyage. One fine moonlight night, I stood on the deck, and gazed on the quiet Atlantic, on which the moon-beams danced. The wind was so still, that it scarcely agitated the sails, which were spread out to invite it. I looked round; it was the same on every side—a world of waters: not a single object diversified the view, or intercepted the long and steady glance which I threw over the ocean. I have heard many complain of the sameness and unvarying uniformity of the objects which oppose themselves to the eye of the voyager. I feel differently; I can gaze for hours, without weariness, on the deep, occupied with the thought it produces; I can listen to the rush of the element as the vessel cleaves it, and these things have charms for me which others cannot perceive. On a sudden, I heard a noise,

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which seemed to proceed from the captain's cabin, and I thought I could distinguish the voices of several men, speaking earnestly, though in a suppressed tone. I cautiously drew near the spot from whence the noise arose, but the alarm was given, and I could see no one. I retired to rest, or rather to lie down; for I felt that heavy and foreboding sense of evil overpower me, which comes we know not how or wherefore; I could not sleep, knowing that there had been disputes between the captain and his men respecting some point of discipline, and I feared to think what might be the consequences. I lay a long time disturbed with these unpleasant reflections; at last, wearied with my thoughts, my eyes closed, and I dropped to sleep. But it was not to that refreshing sleep which recruits the exhausted spirits, and, by a while "steeping the senses in forgetfulness," renders them fitter for exertion on awakening. I was haunted with hideous and confused dreams, and murder and blood seemed to surround me. I was awakened by convulsive starts, and in vain sought again for quiet slumber; the same images filled my mind, diversified in a thousand horrid forms. Early in the morning, I arose, and went above, and the mild sea breeze dispelled my uneasy sensations.

During the whole of the day nothing seemed to justify the fears that had tormented me, and every

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thing went on in its regular course. The men pursued their occupations quietly, and in silence, and I thought the temporary fit of disaffection was passed over. Alas! I remembered not that the passions of men, like deep waters, are most to be suspected when they seem to glide along most smoothly. Night came on, and I retired to rest more composed than on the preceding evening. I endeavoured to convince myself that the noises I had heard were but the fancies of a disturbed imagination, and I slept soundly. Ill-timed security! About midnight I was awakened by a scuffling in the vessel. I hastened to the spot; the captain and one of his officers were fighting against a multitude of the ship's crew. In a moment after I saw the officer fall. Two fellows advanced to me, and, clapping pistols to my breast, threatened instant death, if I stirred or spoke. I gazed on the bloody spectacle; the bodies, which lay around, swimming in gore, testified that the mutineers could not have accomplished their aim with impunity. I was horror-struck; a swimming sensation came over my eyes, my limbs failed me, and I fell senseless.

When I recovered, I found myself lying on a bed. Every thing was still. I listened in vain for a sound; I lay a considerable time; at last, I arose, and walked about the ship, but could see no one. I searched every part of the vessel; I visited the

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place of slaughter, which I had, at first, carefully avoided; I counted nine dead bodies, and the coagulated blood formed a loathsome mass around them; I shuddered to think I was desolate—the companion of death. "Good God!" said I, "and they have left me here alone!" The word sounded like a death knell in my ear. It now occurred to me, it was necessary the bodies should be thrown overboard. I took up one of them, dragged it to the side, and plunged it into the waves; but the dash of the heavy body into the sea, reminded me more forcibly of my loneliness. The ocean was so calm, I could scarcely hear it ripple by the vessel's side. One by one, I committed the bodies to their watery grave. At last my horrible task was finished. My next work was to look for the ship's boats, but they were gone. I could not bear to remain in the ship; it seemed a vast tomb for me. I resolved to make some sort of raft, and depart in it. This occupied two or three days; at length it was completed, and I succeeded in setting it afloat. I lowered into it all the provisions I could find in the ship, which was but little, the sailors having, as I imagined, carried off the remainder. All was ready, and I prepared to depart. I trembled at the thought of the dangers I was about to encounter. I was going to commit myself to the mighty deep, separated from it only by a few boards, which a wave

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might scatter over the surface of the waters. 'I might never arrive at land, or meet with any vessel to rescue me from my danger, and I should be exposed, without shelter, and almost without food. I half resolved to remain in my present situation; but a moment's reflection dispelled the idea of such a measure. I descended—I stood on my frail raft—I cut the rope by which it was fastened to the ship. I was confused to think of my situation; I could hardly believe that I had dared to enter alone on the waste of waters. I endeavoured to compose myself, but in vain. As far as I could see, nothing presented itself to my view but the vessel I had left; the sea was perfectly still, for not the least wind was stirring. I endeavoured, with two pieces of board, which supplied the place of oars, to row myself along; but the very little progress I made alarmed me. If the calm should continue, I should perish of hunger. How I longed to see the little sail I had made, agitated by the breeze. I watched it from morning to night; it was my only employment; but in vain. The weather continued the same. Two days passed over; I looked at my store of provisions; it would not, I found, last above three or four days longer, at the farthest; they were quickly passing away. I almost gave myself up for lost—I had scarcely a hope of escaping.

On the fourth day since my departure from the

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ship, I thought I perceived something at a distance; I looked at it intently—it was a sail. Good heavens! what were my emotions at the sight! I fastened my handkerchief on a piece of wood, and waved it, in hopes that it would be observed, and that I should be rescued from my fearful condition. The vessel pressed on its course; I shouted;—I knew they could not hear me, but despair impelled me to try so useless an expedient. It passed on—it grew dim;—I stretched my eyeballs to see it;—it vanished—it was gone! I will not attempt to describe the torturing feelings which possessed me, at seeing the chance of relief which had offered itself destroyed. I was stupefied with grief and disappointment. My stock of provisions was now entirely exhausted, and I looked forward with horror to an excruciating death. A little water, which had remained, quenched my burning thirst. I wished that the waves would rush over me. My hunger soon became dreadful, but I had no means of relieving it. I endeavoured to sleep, that I might, for a while, forget my torments; and my weary frame yielded for a while to slumber. When I awoke, I was not, however, refreshed; I was weak, and felt a burning pain at my stomach. I became hourly more feeble; I lay down, but was unable to rise again. My limbs lost their strength—my lips and tongue were parched—a

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convulsive shuddering agitated me—my eyes seemed darkened, and I gasped for breath.

The burning at my stomach now departed; I experienced no pain, but a dull torpor came over me; my hands and feet became cold; I believed I was dying, and I rejoiced at the thought. Presently I lost all thought and feeling, and lay, without sense, on a few boards which divided me from the ocean. In this situation, as I was afterwards informed, I was taken up by a small vessel, and carried to this port. I slowly recovered, and found that I alone of all who were on board the vessel in which I had embarked, had escaped death. The crew, who had departed in the boats after murdering the captain, had met their reward—the boats were shattered against a rock. I was landed here without money or friends. My fatigue had also impaired my health, so that I was unable to gain any thing by labour. I had, therefore, subsisted on charity; in soliciting which, I was so fortunate as to meet with you, sir, who have so kindly relieved me.

Here his narrative concluded. I conveyed him home, restored him to his parents, and was amply rewarded with their boundless gratitude. He is now in an eligible situation, which does not require any great bodily exertion; he is comfortable; and could he forget the melancholy fate of his Eleanor, he might, notwithstanding all his sufferings, be happy.

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CAUTHLEEN KAVANAGH.

I'm left to Fortune's most malignant hate
To drag a weary life of bitterest wo.

THE old devotion to private skirmishing of the Irish peasantry is well known. Skirmishing would, indeed, be too mild a word to express the ferocious encounters that often took place among them, when parties, or, as they are locally termed, factions, of fifty or a hundred met, by appointment, to wage determined war; when blood profusely flowed, and sometimes lives were lost. On festival days, when they met at a "pattern," or merry-making, the lively dance of the girls, and the galloping jig-note of the bag-pipes, usually gave place to the clattering of alpeens, and the whoops of onslaught; when kicking up of a "scrimmage" was as much matter of course, as the long draughts of ale or whiskey that closed a bargain. At one of these patterns, two young officers, Graham and Howard, quartered in Ireland, attended. Graham danced with the peasant girls, and every thing was perfectly quiet, and even jovial, and the officers were afraid they would be disappointed of a row, when Paddy Flinn suddenly seized an alpeen, and upsetting every person and thing in his way, flourished the weapon,

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and made a deadly blow at a gentlemanly dressed man who was just entering. The foremost of a considerable body of peasants who came in with this person, guarded off the blow, and in turn struck at the aggressor. Their sticks crossed and clattered; but at last Paddy felled his man, crying out at the same time, as the rest of the hostile party pressed upon him—"Where are ye, my boys, abroad!—Come on for the right cause!—Look after Purcell!—he's goin' to escape!"—then, turning to the people in the tent—"neighbours! neighbours!—neighbours an' all good christians!—stand up for honest men!—This is the devil's-bird, Purcell! stand up for the orphans he made! for the widow he kilt! for the daughter he ruined, and the son that's far away!—whoo!"

Such, indeed, was the case; Purcell was a tithe-proctor, a demon in human shape. Privately he stirred up the wretched and ignorant people around him to resist rack-rents, what he throve by as privately exacting. When he got them involved by his agents, he informed against them, running their blood into money. Those who held lands on reasonable terms, he thus contrived to turn adrift on this world, or launch into the next, bidding for the vacant land himself, and then letting it at tenfold its value, to starving creatures, who, though they sweated like the beasts of the field, which they do could not meet their rent-day. There was one

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family in particular, a mother, and a son and daughter, and an old grandfather; the father was long dead. Purcell, by his underhand practices, ensnared the son, a lad of eighteen or nineteen, in nightly combinations: then he arraigned him before the landlord; and then, for their lease was expired, son and all were turned out of their home, the old man and all; all except the daughter.

"And what became of her?" said Howard, to Sullivan the narrator. "Villain! eternally damned villain!" exclaimed Sullivan, in another burst, and while his youthful face and figure took a stern and formidable appearance; "what became of *her?* He had trod her down beforehand, seduced her, and she went with him into his house. She left her sick mother, and her ould grandfather, on the field before their own door, and turned to the menial hearth of him who—pardon me—the night wears—we walk too slow." "Pray continue; what of the rest of this poor family?"

The narrator, touched perhaps as well by Howard's evident sympathy, as by the subject he was about to enter on, answered in a broken voice—"The mother, as I said, was ill: she could get no farther than the ridge that gave her a last look of her ould cottage. She sat there till night came on. 'Twas a bad night—and—she died in it," he added, with a voice scarcely audible. "Dreadful!—and the son?"—"The wretched son was not

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then at home. He returned with an oath to revenge his poor mother. Purcell gained information of his purpose, and, at the head of a body of soldiers, hunted him through the country. In the north the boy escaped him; and there, it is believed, took shipping for America."

The name of the victim of Purcell's infamy was Cauthleen Kavanagh. The villain had not, however, found the destruction of this now helpless creature an easy exploit. She had withstood his smiles, his oaths, and his ardour—his gold she at once spurned—until in the fervency of passion, even the constitutionally calm villain had given her, in writing, a solemn promise of marriage. Then she fell, and with her all her influence, attraction, and hopes. Years passed over without any disposition on Purcell's part to perform his contract, and the victim could at first only weep, and kneel to him for mercy and justice; and then, when she gradually saw the nature of the man to whom she had abandoned herself, and felt in words and acts the effect of that nature in reply to her supplications, the wretched girl could only mourn in silence; or, if she did speak, it was in the tone of a poor slave, abjectly begging a favour, rather than in the voice of conscious right, demanding the fulfilment of an obligation.

Purcell began to get rich, and became weary of poor Cauthleen, of whom he wanted to get rid, in

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order that he might marry Mary Grace, the daughter of a rich attorney; but before he did this, it became necessary to get back his written promise, which she kept carefully. Repeatedly he demanded it, and one night more earnestly than ever. "Where is it? Cauthleen, I must see that cursed scribble, for your own sake; I have a particular reason. Go for it. 'Tis in your room, isn't it? Why don't you go?—then I'll go myself—and by —— drawer, box, or press, shall not keep it from me—I'll break them into splinters sooner than let it escape me"—and he rose and took a candle.—"Stay, Stephen," said Cauthleen, also rising—"it would be useless—quite useless—indeed it would—that paper is not in any room in the house—I declare solemnly it is not."

A startling apprehension crossed Purcell's mind at those words, and, resuming his seat, he said, "Then you have sent it to the attorney?—What! is that the way you would treat me?" The reproach, the insult, the voice and manner, completely overpowered Cauthleen, and she sunk into her chair convulsed with tears.

"Answer! have you sent it away? have you put it out of your hands?—answer, I say!" and he took her violently by the shoulder. "Spare me, spare me, Stephen," cried Cauthleen, falling on her knees—"I have not sent it out of the house to any one—I could never send it where you say;

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indeed I could not." "Where is it, then, woman?" he asked, stamping, and holding out his clenched hands. At this moment Cauthleen drew a handkerchief from her bosom, and a crumpled slip of paper fell on the carpet. One glance of Purcell's eye recognised the long-sought document, and he was stooping to pick it up, but Cauthleen hastily anticipated him, snatched it, and restored it to her bosom. "I'll have it, by heaven!" exclaimed Purcell, stooping towards her; but Cauthleen, starting up, rushed into a corner, and there again kneeling, addressed him:—

"Do not, do not, Purcell!" she said; "I'll give it to you when you hear me—to-morrow, when you hear me calmly. I'll give it to you;—do not," raising her voice, and wringing her hands as he approached—"for the love of that heaven, whose love we have both missed!" "So," resumed Purcell, now standing over her, "you had it about you at the very time I asked for it, and you would not let me see it!" "You should not be angry with me for that, Stephen; I'll tell you about it:—when you are away from me, and that I am quite alone in the world, I draw out that paper, and read it over and over, and kiss it, and cry over it, and lay it on my heart—'tis my only hope—and, if there is any, my only shadow of excuse to myself and before God." "Nonsense!—trash!—folly!—give it into my hand this moment!"—and he caught her by the wrists.

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"And sometimes, Stephen!" she ran on, out of breath, blinded in tears, and struggling with him—"sometimes I steal up with it to the cradle where our last and only boy lies sleeping—the rest were taken from us, one by one, for a judgment—we deserved that curse—and there I kneel down by the infant's side, and ask him, in a voice that would not waken a bird, to look at it, and understand it, and see that he is not entirely the child of shame, and that his mother is not entirely the guilty creature they will tell him she is." "Come, Cauthleen," interrupted Purcell, bending on one knee, and using more force—"give it me, if you have any fears for yourself!"—But in the paroxysm of passion that Cauthleen felt, he encountered more resistance than he had expected; and, exasperated to the utmost by her continued struggling, the mean and cowardly ruffian did that which we blush and burn to record—he raised his clenched hand—it fell—Cauthleen fell under it—and Purcell got possession of the paper, and instantly approached the fire. Cauthleen, though stunned and stupefied, wildly understood his movement, and screamed and tottered after him; but she was too late; Purcell cast it into the flame, and then saying—"There—since we have so often quarrelled about it, that's the only way to end disputes," sunk into his seat.

Cauthleen, with clasped hands, and her tears now dried up at their source, looked a moment a t

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the fire, and then in the hollow tones of despair, said—"And now you can wive with Mary Grace to-morrow." Purcell, at first startled, turned quickly round; but his features only wore a bitter mockery, while he asked—"Who told you that fine story, Cauthleen?" "Never ask me, Purcell, but answer me!" she exclaimed, in a manner the very opposite to her late meekness and timidity—"is it true?—am I not to be your wife indeed?—after all your oaths—the oaths that stole me from my mother's side, and then broke my mother's heart—will you take Mary Grace to yourself, and leave shame as well as sorrow on Cauthleen?" "Fear nothing: I'll provide for you." "It *is* true, then?—and this, at last, is to be the lot of Cauthleen Kavanagh?—and at your hands—whose?—the hands that brought ruin on all of her name!"—"Silence, Cauthleen—or—" "Or what?—you'll make me? how?—kill me?—do—I wish it—ask for it—expect it. Yes, Purcell, I expect it—the robber, the perjurer, and the murderer, need not disappoint me!" "Fool! take care what words you speak—and listen to me in patience—I courted and won you, because I loved you:—listen to me!—I can love you no longer—and why should we live in hatred together?"

"Cursed be the hour I saw you, Purcell!—accursed the false words that drew me from virtue and happiness, under your betraying roof—your

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roof that I now pray God may fall on us as we stand here damning each other!—oh! I am punished! I trusted the plunderer of my family, and the murderer of my mother and my brother, and I am punished!" "I told you to have a care, Cauthleen," said Purcell, starting from his seat, pale, haggard, and trembling with rage—"I warned you to weigh your words, and you will not;" and his distended eye glanced on a fowling-piece that hung over the chimney. "I know what you mean, Purcell!" resumed Cauthleen, in a still wilder frenzy—"I saw where your eye struck—and knowing and seeing this, I say again, robber and murderer, do it!" "By the holy saints—then!" he exclaimed, snatching at the weapon of death. "Aye, by the saints and all! the murderer will not want an oath—pull your trigger, man!—but, stop a moment!—first hear that!" Purcell had the piece in his hand, and was raising it, when the faint cry of an infant reached them from an inside room; his face grew black, and he flung the weapon on the ground, and turned away.

"Leave my house," he added, after a moment's pause. "You and your brat together—leave it this instant!" "I will," muttered Cauthleen—"I intended to do it;"—she rushed through a door, and returned with the infant on her arm. "The night draws on, Purcell," Cauthleen continued, "and it was in such a night you sent my mother from our own old home, that, in her agony an-

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sickness, too, the cold blast might deal on her. I leave you, praying that it may so deal on me! My mother cursed you as she went; I pray to have that curse remembered! and I add mine! take both, Purcell—the mother's first—the daughter's last—may they cling to you !"

Having spoken these words, Cauthleen caught closer in her arms the wretch they encircled, and, bare headed and unmantled, rushed out of the house of crime. After an instant's lapse, Purcell heard her wild and already distant scream mingling with the wail of her baby, and the bitter gust of the cold winter night.

While Purcell was driving from his door the wretched Cauthleen he had betrayed, and his and her infant, he meditated an attempt at abduction on Mary Grace, who had been beloved by the brother of Cauthleen, but who was now enamoured of Lieutenant Howard; and at the same time endeavoured to induce Mullins, one of the White Boys, to assassinate his rival. The attempt to murder Howard was prevented by the villain being shot at the moment by a stranger of the name of Sullivan, who persuaded Howard not to go to Mr. Grace's, whither he was proceeding, but to return and let him take a note of apology. Sullivan, who, as may be anticipated, was Kavanagh, got the note written in a cabin, took it to the house, was admitted, and invited to stop all night. While there, the attack was made by Purcell and his par-

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ty, to carry off Mary Grace. Sullivan, whom Mary had by this time recognised as Kavanagh, advised resistance, and attempted to shoot Purcell, whom he recognised through the key hole, but missed him. Mary was carried off, together with her father, a Mr. Somers, and Kavanagh. When Howard heard of the abduction, he mustered his men, and went in search of them. The party were led to a cottage, where there was an old man, who commanded Purcell to let go the hand of Mary Grace. Purcell insisted on Mr. Somers, a clergyman, to marry them, but he refused; and then called on Tack'em, an unprincipled priest; but he was deterred, partly from the illegality of the act, and from a promise of Mr. Grace to give him more money than he would get by the job. Purcell, thus baffled, was on the point of carrying off Mary, and punishing the refractory priests, when the old man exclaimed, "Stand out, grandson! Harry Kavanagh, stand out!" Kavanagh now stood forth without disguise, and was hailed by the whole party. He blew a horn, and was soon surrounded by an overpowering force, wearing loose blue coats, and strongly armed. They were a band of White Boys, who had appointed Kavanagh their captain. They attacked Purcell's party, and some were killed on both sides, but he escaped.

Purcell now applied to Howard for assistance; but, wishing to sneak away, and exciting some sus-

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picion, was dragged forward more like a prisoner than a fallen combatant. Howard came up with Kavanagh's party, and learnt that he had rescued Mary from Purcell. The whole party moved towards Grace's house. Kavanagh, half distracted, heaped his reproaches on Purcell. Purcell, starting, and clasping his hands, uttered a loud cry—"Lights in my house! in every window!" he exclaimed, "what is this?" "Lights in your house! and in hell, tyrant!—a shadow of the flame, that shall soon, and for ever, swathe you. Look again! 'tis brighter and redder than the midnight blaze that shone over your costly feasts, and on the worms that crawled round to share them:—look again!"

The fierce light grew stronger at all the windows; then waned; and then flared out again, as it proceeded in its destroying course. "My house on fire! my property wrecked! my papers! my wealth! my all!—and was it for this, plunderer and assassin, was it for this you led me here?" he continued, turning in fury on Kavanagh. "For this?—fool, fool, prepare yourself! If you have ever learned a prayer, repeat it." "Mercy! I am now below your vengeance," cried Purcell, suddenly changing his tone and manner; "I am a beggar, and at your feet. Look on me, I am at your feet!"

While he spoke, the crackling of slates and glass was heard, and, a second after, the flame shot out

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through the windows and door, clear and straight, like a broadside from some great war-ship. Immediately followed the smoke—the volumes of smoke, massy, thick, and curling, and showing, amid the red light and the murky relief of the hills around, white as a morning vapour that the sun calls from the bottom of the valley. The moon had set, and here and there in the sky black wreaths of clouds moved swollen and slowly along; while through them, and between them, the "chaste stars" glimmered wildly on the phenomenon, reduced by the contrast of lurid light to the appearance of cold silvery specks set in a frozen ground of intense blue. The side of every hill and every break, for miles adjacent, caught the sudden glow, removing it, fainter and farther, into almost desert solitude, till it was at last devoured by remote darkness. But the rugged features of all the nearer heights became fitfully enveloped in the blaze, and, grim and haggard, broke out into the night. At a very considerable distance, high peaks, white in snow, blushed faintly, and without form, like the shadowy indications of grand scenery caught and lost in a dream. The lawn immediately before the house seemed perishing in light, and the pond of water, flaming like molten ore, reflected and heightened the immediate horrors and magnificence of the scene.

Kavanagh was on the point of filling up the measure of his vengeance on the life of Purcell, but

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was prevented, and he was handed over to Mullins and Flinn, for the purpose of being despatched. "And your hand, Mary Grace," resumed Kavanagh, when they had left the height, "and be quick! why do you draw back and shiver? Mine is not yet blotched. Howard!—men, let him advance: here—take her—she is your's—virtuously your's—you will be kind to her, for her own sake, for my sake."

A sudden explosion of fire-arms reached them, and, almost at the same moment, the roof of Purcell's house fell in, and one tremendous spire of flame darted to the heavens, illuminating, for a few seconds, more fiercely than ever, all contiguous objects, and even the remotest distances. Then succeeded the vomiting and expanding smoke, and the red fragments of burnt timber that the exploding air impelled upward; and then almost utter darkness wrapt once more the hills, the fields, and the blotted sky. But ere thickest shadow had veiled the countenances of all near him, Howard, for the first time, brought to mind, while looking on Kavanagh, the features of the young man who had so much interested him in the tent, on the evening of the pattern.

While all paused in consternation, Kavanagh continued:—"'Tis over! mother and sister, you are revenged! yet, now, I hear that sound, and see that sight in more sorrow than my first yearnings promised;—who comes?" interrupting himself as

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the faint but wild cry of a female was heard advancing; and immediately after, Cauthleen tottered forward, and sunk at his feet, exclaiming, "Brother, spare me! 'tis poor Cauthleen."—"Spare you, my poor girl, spare you!" he repeated, "rise, come to your brother's heart; you have a brother still! I did not think to see you so soon, Cauthleen," he continued, pressing his flushed cheek to her pale one; "but, but—oh, Cauthleen! sister!" he wept on her neck.—"I always loved you, Harry—and—I—hoped—I—" she could not, amid sobbings and chokings, utter the words, till she sank, fainting, in his arms. "The health has faded from your cheek, my girl," he resumed, "and you are worn and wasted—a shadow of my once beautiful Cauthleen!—'tis over!" looking round; "farewell all, and every thing, but this poor bruised flower, which, to raise up and nurse, and to call back to bloom, must now be my life's only care and occupation! Farewell, country!—my native hills—my hearth made desolate—my lost love!—Mary, I ask not now to touch your hand with mine—Farewell!"

He bore his insensible sister on his arm, down the hill, and was followed by all his party; Mr. Grace, Mary, Howard, their reverend friends, and the disarmed soldiers, remaining behind: and the outcast brother and sister were never again heard of in the land of their birth, their sorrows, and their crimes.

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